Mickey Mouse

Magazine

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THIS OFFER GOOD UNTIL JUNE 30, 1939

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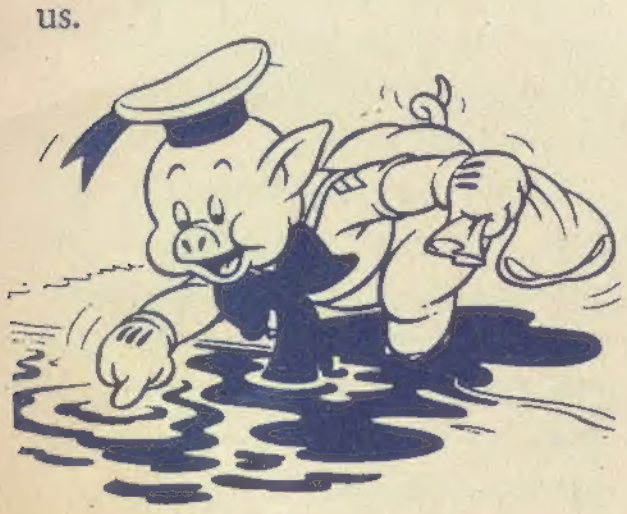
Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor — KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

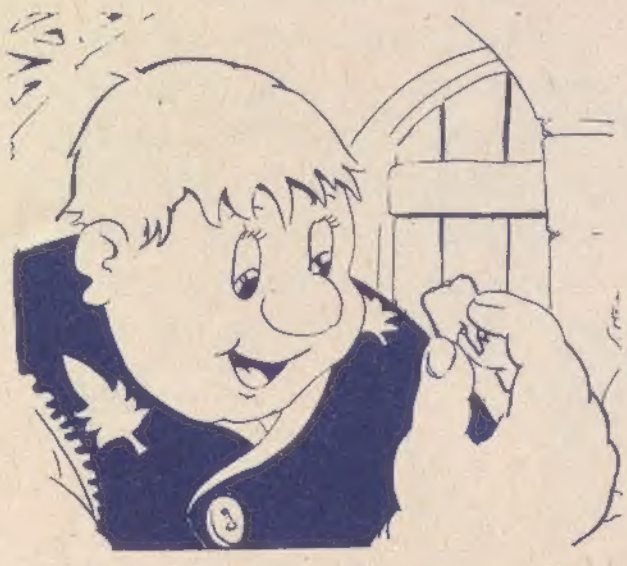
SPRING is the best time of the year because it's going-on summer. And summer is what we look forward to all winter long. Warm sun, cool green grass—and no books, no school, just *play* all day long. When spring comes we have a feeling summer is just around the corner peeping out at us.



THE TWO foolish pigs were all broken out with a rash of spring fever. It was such a warm sunny day and the pond looked very inviting. Their brother, the practical pig, warned them but—well read the story for yourself. *The Practical Pig* is on the next page. We promised to tell you this story a long time ago. But Donald Duck was so insistent about having *his* escapades in the magazine every month that, well there just never was any room left for the little pigs.

THIS month, for our Famous Birthday story, we have chosen Florence Nightingale. Longfellow called her *The Lady With The Lamp* in the poem he dedicated to her because she and her band of nurses brought comfort and cheer and even life to the sick and wounded. Her little lamp shone around the world to light the way for that noble army of nurses who were to follow in her steps.

IT'S A good joke on Donald that he's pushed out of the magazine altogether this month. Ha! Ha! But you can bet your Mickey Mouse button he won't think it's funny. Just between us he *is* starring next month though in a most exciting story—*Sea Scouts*. Don't miss it.



To get back to this month again, we have another giant story for all those members of the gang who wrote to Mickey Mouse asking for one. It's called *The Giant's Tooth*. I bet a lot of you are having tooth trouble just along about now and can sympathize with the nice old giant. Let me know how you like this story and if you'd like to hear more about this giant and his magic tooth.

ALL THE Disneyville gang have been raiding the cigar stores for pipe cleaners and now the whole town is over-run with *curious creatures*. (See page 18). Everyone is making them and trying to see who can think of the most unusual animals. So far Minnie Mouse is way ahead. Each morning she proudly lines them up in her front window. Mickey says it looks like a museum for prehistoric animals and that it's good he doesn't scare easy or he'd certainly have a nightmare!

In the June issue we are going to show you how to make houses out of empty match boxes. That will be fun too. You might even make a zoo for your wild and woolly pipe-cleaner animals.

THERE is a special treat for all of Mickey's pals in the June issue—it's Mickey himself and good old Pluto in a very funny story called *The Pointer*. Here's an advance picture of Pluto the bird-dog. He brings them back alive! Take a good look at what is in store for you—*next month*.

The PRACTICAL PIG

BANG! Bang! Bang! Another nail in! The Practical Pig stuck his hammer in the back pocket of his overalls and pulled out a sheet of paper. It had a drawing on it—the plan for a new wolf machine marked *Lie Detector*. The Big Bad Wolf would not find him napping when he came around!

Outside the window his two foolish brothers giggled and sang:

"He's building another wolf machine
He must be crazy in the bean!
To work all day is fun for him,
But not for us—let's take a swim!"

That made the Practical Pig very angry. He waved his hammer over his head and shouted,

"Don't go swimming, do you hear?
The pond's not safe!
The wolf is near!"

And he shook the hammer so violently that the end flew off and hit him on the head.

The silly little pigs at the window thought that was very funny and they laughed and laughed until their sides ached. Then they ran off to the pond as fast as they could go. They tossed their clothes on a fence post and wriggled into red and blue bathing trunks. They were in such a hurry to get into the water they forgot to take off their hats.

"Last one in is a pork sau-sage!" they squealed, racing to the diving board. Just as the first one jumped in and was coming to the surface, his brother jumped and landed right on his head and down they went together. They thought that was great fun and yelled at the top of their voices.

Hiding among the cattails on the shore, the Big Bad Wolf smacked his lips. "Pork sausage," he said to himself. "Ha-ha-ha! Pork *pie!*" He quickly slipped a blonde wig over his ears and covered his legs with something that

looked like a fish's tail. Then he waded out to a small island in the middle of the pond and posed like a little mermaid who had just come up to sun herself. He even strummed a lyre and tried to sing in a soprano voice.

Before long the little pigs saw him. "Look!" they cried. "A mermaid!" And they swam across the pond as fast as they could. Then they stopped and stared. They had never seen a mermaid before. Taking a rose from her hair, she threw it to them coyly. Two curly pigs' tails rose into the air as they both dived after it—and that was exactly what the wolf wanted. He whisked out a fish net and quickly scooped them up.

The foolish pigs were too badly frightened even to squeal while the Big Bad Wolf came out of his disguise and flung them into a sack. Then off he went home.

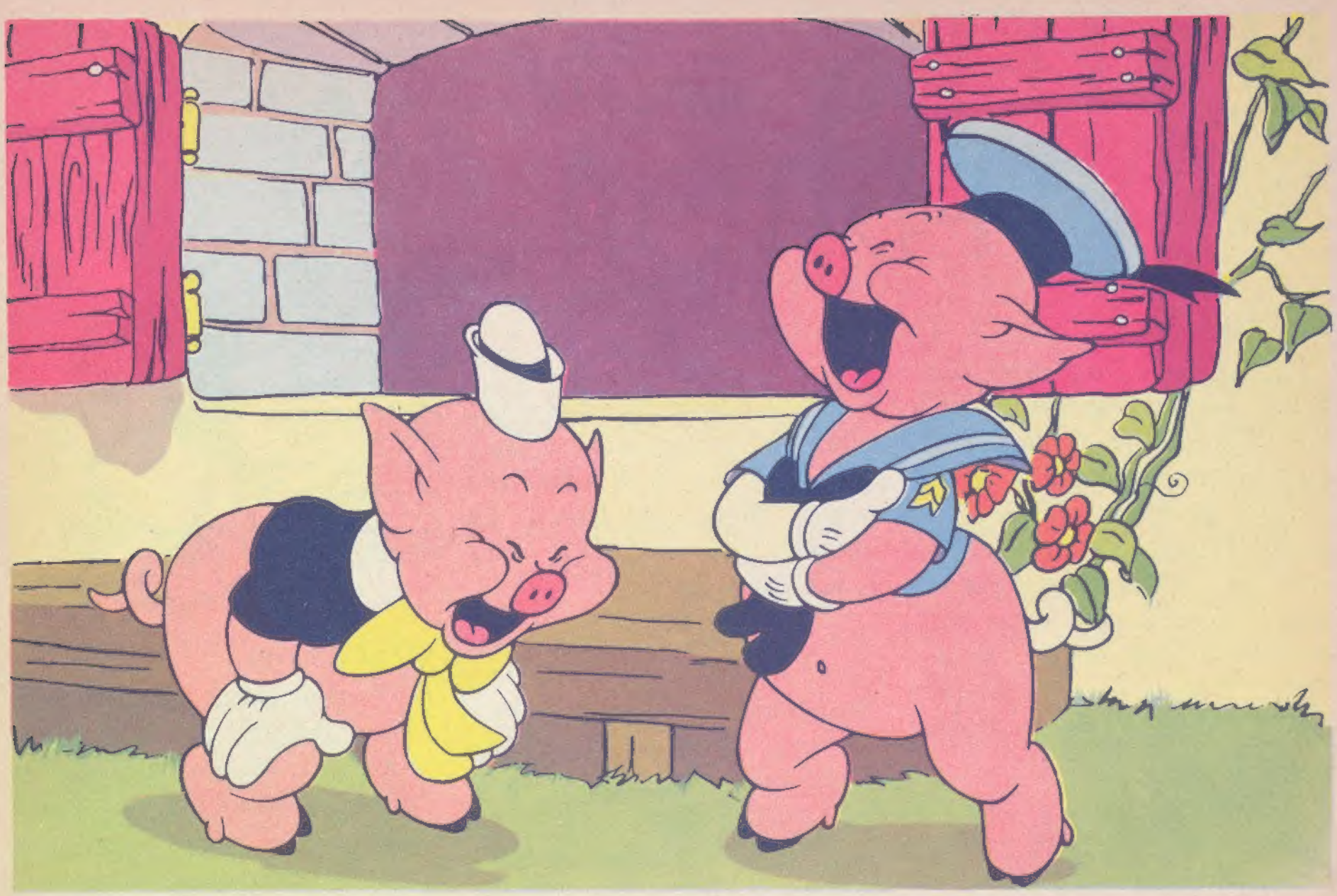
When he reached his house in the Old Mill, the three little wolves rushed out to greet him.

"When do we eat?" cried one.

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" cried two.

"Did you get 'em pop?" asked three.

For reply the old wolf pulled



the pigs out of the bag and hung them on the wall. Each little wolf grabbed a carving knife and danced around with glee.

"Take your time," said the Big Bad Wolf, pushing them back. "We won't eat until I get the third pig—see?"

The little wolves made growly noises, but they were afraid to disobey their father. Sitting at the table he rested his head in his hands trying hard to think of a way to catch the Practical Pig.

At last he took up a pen and dipped it into the ink. "He'll fall for this," he muttered to himself and began to write.

He was so intent on his crafty scheme that he forgot the three little wolves. Behind his back one of them held out a little pig's hind leg while his brother spread it with mustard and the third one clamped a hot dog roll around it. Just then the old wolf looked up.

"Hey!" he shouted. And he huffed and he puffed with all his might and blew the three little wolves across the room. Then he picked up a sack and started for the door.

"Remember!" he warned. "No eats till pop gets back!"

"O.K. pop," they chorused.

But no sooner was the door closed than out came the carving knives. And the two little rosy pigs, still tied together, were taken down from the hook and popped into a baking pan. The little wolves stuffed carrots and

Continued on page 10

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Mickey:

I am a Chinese-Filipino mestizo. I live in the Philippines. Oh! how I love your magazine. I can't live alone without it. I am a fourth grade boy. When I go to school I always take your books with me. My classmates gather around me to read them and make many big laughs. Sometimes we use your books for reference. How can I ever thank you?

Jose Go
Cebu City, Cebu
Philippines
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

I don't subscribe for your magazine but I get it at the newsstand every month. It is my famous book. I like the "Topsy-Turvy Circus" and all of the comics in the back of the book. Give my love to the gang and Pluto. Joly my dog said, "Tell Pluto to come and play with me!"

Sammye Million
Million, Ky.
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

If there ever was a pal you're him. I like your magazine an awful lot. It sure was lucky for Donald in "Donald's Lucky Day" that he was not blown to bits by the bomb. Tell Minnie she is awful pretty and give my love to Donald.

Michael Lewis
New York City, N.Y.
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

Your magazine is very nice. It is different from any other magazine I have ever seen. I think you are a very good editor and actor. Minnie and Donald are also very good actors. But Goofy is just plain "goofy."

Mary Kelly
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Mickey:

I like the *Star Parade* very much. Our class at school is studying astronomy and I take your magazine to school every month.

My mother says you are her favorite actor and Minnie is her favorite actress.

I hope you and the gang are feeling well.

Suzanne Sadler
Palos Verdes Estates
California
Age 12

Hello, Everybody:

Such excitement as we've had! So many letters have come from all our little friends that we've had to run downstairs everyday and help the mailman carry them in! And what fun to tear them open and read them!

But, do you know, some of the letters have no names or addresses on them at all. So don't forget to sign your letters—and put down your age, too—and address them to: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Your pal,
Mickey

Dear Mickey:

Your magazine was sent to me for a Christmas present from my cousin. I am enjoying it very much. I always like your puzzle page.

Lois Imlay
Southwold Station
Ontario, Canada
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

Your books are so interesting that I read them over and over again. I like "Peter the Farm Detective" the best. I wonder if the little colored boy did take the hippopotamus? I like the books so much that I could kick the first of the month to the end so I could find out what is in my next book.

Joan Palma
Patterson, N. J.
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

My sister likes your magazine very much. Mother says, "Aren't you tired of the Mickey Mouse Magazine?" We say, "No!" We want to keep it up. Tell Donald for me that I liked his story in the January issue. My Grandma has a dog and her dog likes Pluto.

Lilian Armstrong
No address

THE MYSTERIOUS MOON

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THE moon is the nearest neighbor to the earth and because of this we know more about it than anything else in the sky. Even though it is 240,000 miles away, through the 100-inch telescope it seems only forty miles away.

The large black spots that we often call the Man-on-the-Moon or the Lady-in-the-Moon are really wide rocky plains. There are tall mountains, too. Some of these are higher than any on the earth. But many have been named for earthly ranges. There are the Alps, the Apennines, the Caucasus and the Pyrenees. The Alps on the earth have snow on their peaks but there is no snow on the moon mountains, no glaciers in lunar valleys, no rivers and no rain.

It is hard to imagine a place without soil and plants, without water and air. For there is no air on the moon. We know this for a number of reasons. Most easy to understand is the fact that we can see things at the edge of the moon as well as things at the center. If there were clouds or even thin air the edges of the moon would look misty to us. The horns of the crescent would be longer too.

In addition to the wide rocky plains, and the mountains, there are deep ringed depressions in the moon's face. These craters are some a mile wide and some a hundred miles in diameter. No one knows what made them but some people think they were made by volcanoes long ago. Others say they were caused by meteors falling into the moon.

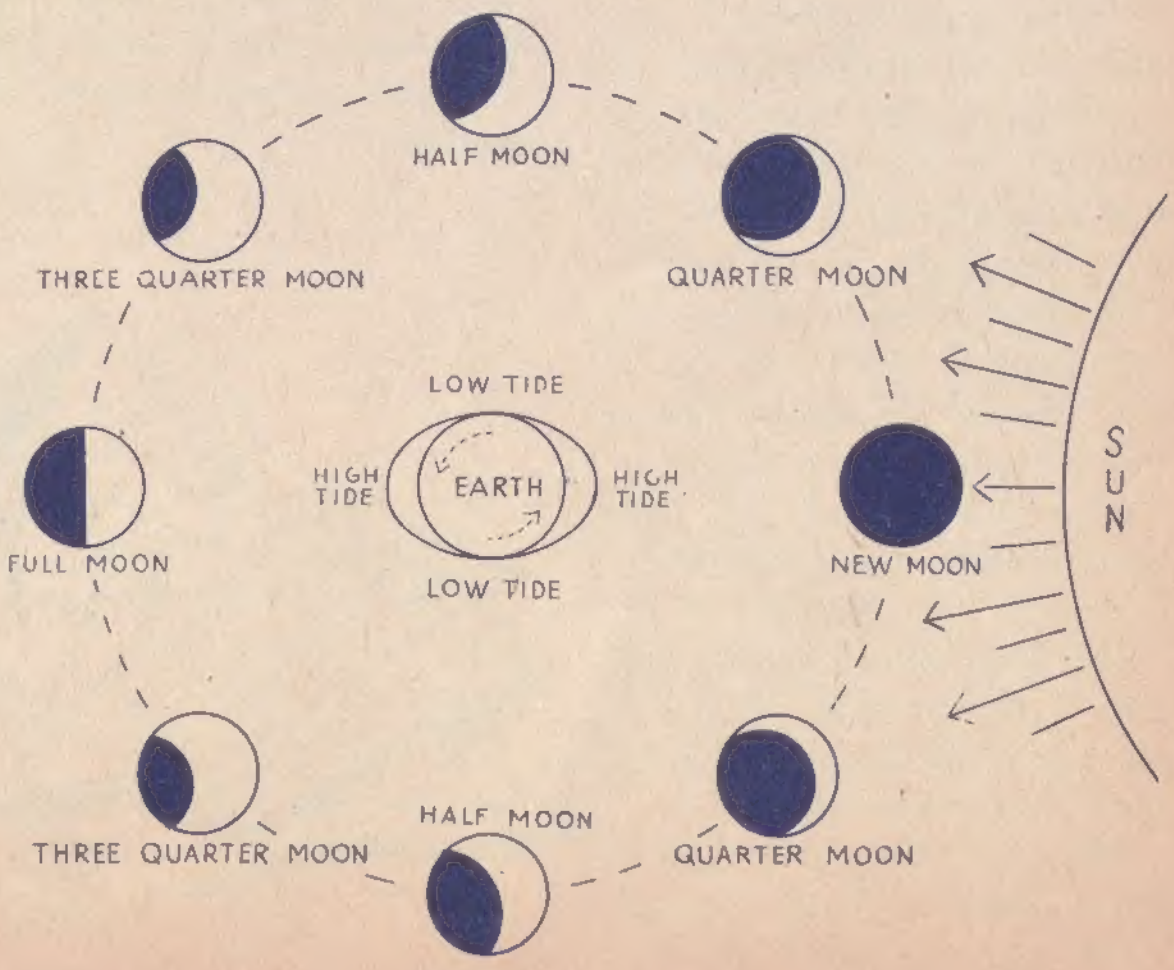
IT IS really great fun to explore the moon with a field glass or telescope. There are thousands of different known landmarks. But it is also fun just to watch it night after night and notice the many changes that occur.

One night the moon may be a thin crescent over in the west after sunset. A week later it will be a quarter-moon in the south when the sun goes down. A week later still a full moon rises as the sun sets. This happens because the moon has no light of its own and shines only by reflecting sunlight. The sun lights only half the moon at one time. As the moon moves round the earth the amount of the lighted part that we see changes. When all the lighted half is turned to earth we call it full moon. When only half the lighted half faces us we call it quarter.

At the same time the moon changes its phases, it also shifts its place in the sky. Every night you see it beside a different star. It goes once around the sky in a month.

The moon makes the tides, too. It pulls up the waters on the side toward it in high tide, so the high tides are always in line with the moon. The low tides, however, are always on the side of the earth at right angles to the moon.

With its changing phases, its continuously shifting positions in the sky and its mysterious markings, the moon is one of the most interesting heavenly bodies. It is important to us because it gives us the measure of the month and makes the tides.



THE PRACTICAL PIG

Continued from page 7

onions and sprinkled salt and spices over them.

The poor little pigs were worried. "Why don't you mind your papa?" they wailed.

MEANWHILE the Practical Pig heard a knock at his door.

"Who's there?" he called.

"A messenger boy with a message," said the Big Bad Wolf, trying to disguise his voice. He put the letter he had written on the mat and with a great puff, blew it under the door.

He blew so hard that the wise little pig was swept right off his feet. "Wolf!" he said to himself and he picked up the letter.

"Dere Bruther," he read. *"We are in trouble. Cum with bearer. Luvingly. Yur bruthers."*

The Wolf waited outside, and, sure of his catch, he opened up the sack so that the pig would fall right into it as he came out.

"Are you coming with me?" he called sweetly through the door.

"I'll be right with you!" answered the Practical Pig as he pulled a lever on his machine.

"He fell for it!" chuckled the wolf. But no sooner had he spoken than a trap door opened beneath him and the mat marked "Welcome" on which he stood, dropped into the cellar and the wolf with it. The marvelous machine picked him up and threw him into a chair, clamping his arms and legs so that he couldn't move. Then up it popped inside the house of the Practical Pig.

"Where are my brothers?" he shouted.

"Your brothers?" growled the wolf. "Never heard of 'em!"

As he spoke the needle of the Lie Detector pointed to *Lie*. Out of the floor came a bucket of water, a scrubbing brush and soap, and a mechanical arm went to work washing out the wolf's mouth.

"Where are my brothers?" demanded the pig.

"I haven't seen them," said the wolf slyly.

Once again the needle pointed to *Lie*. This time the machine turned the wolf upside down and gave him a hard spanking.

"WHERE ARE MY BROTHERS?" shouted the pig.

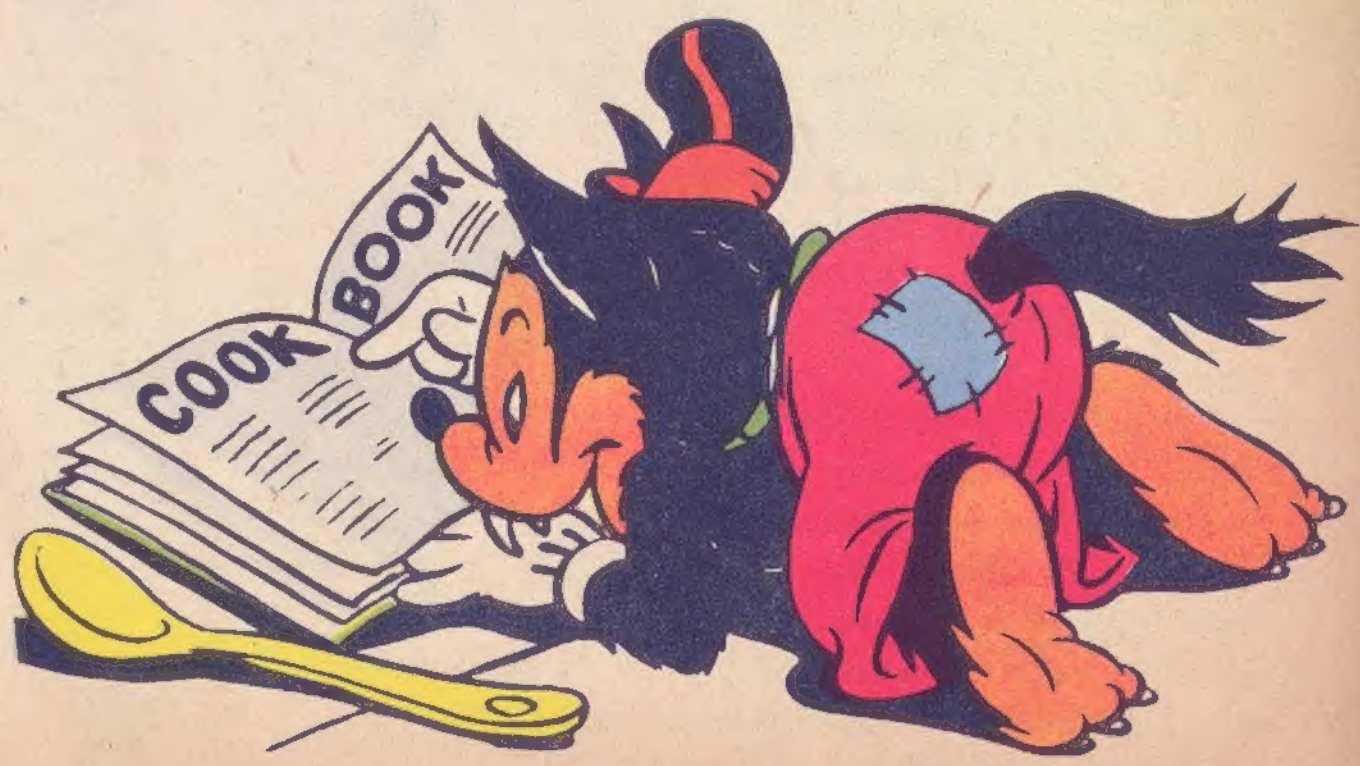
"Now listen, buddy," coaxed the wolf. "You've got me wrong. Why, I'm your pal . . . "

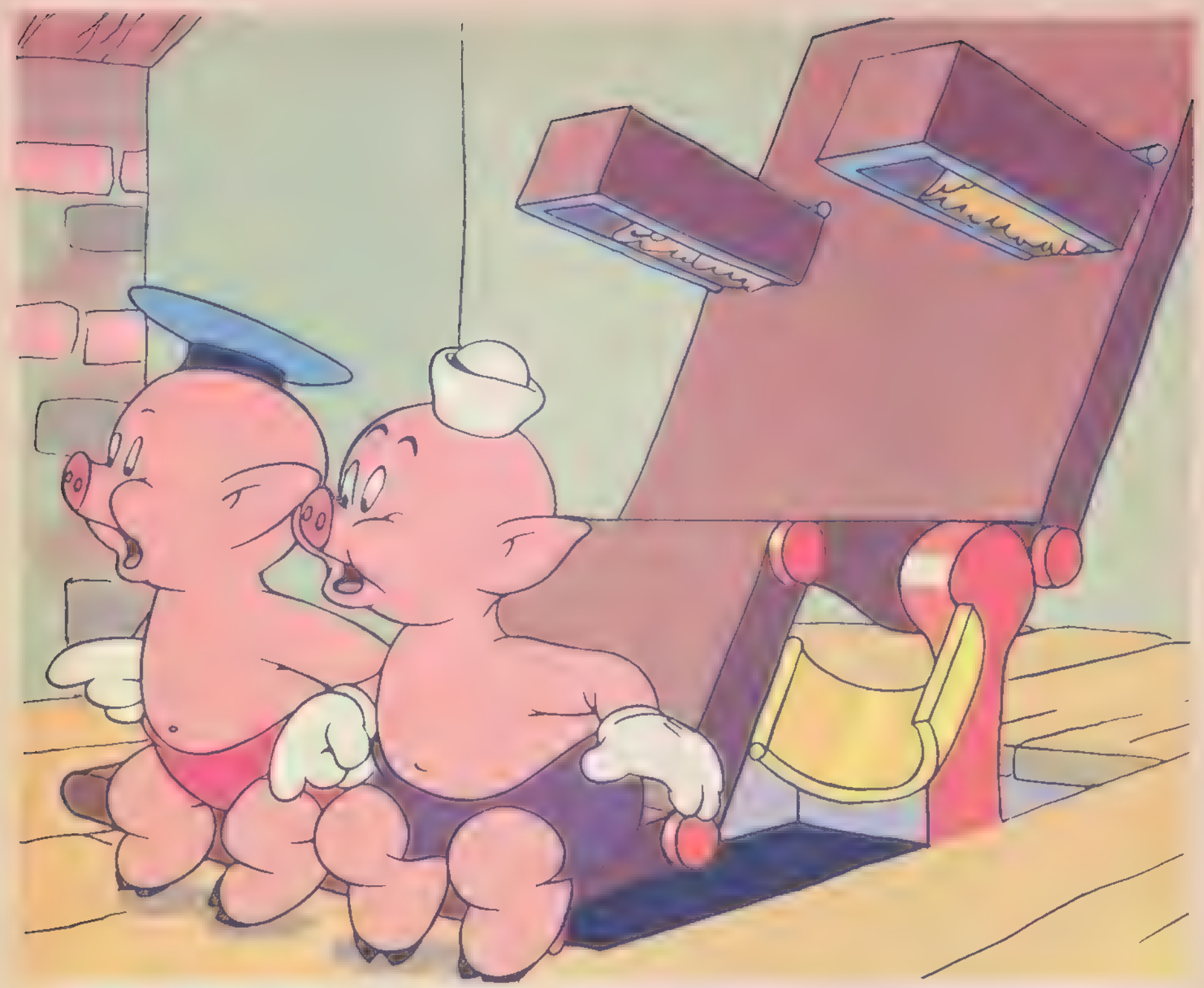
But he didn't get any further. This time the machine spanked him and washed his mouth out all at once.

AND what was happening all this time at the Old Mill?

The little wolves had tucked the two rosy pigs snugly into a pan with a thick layer of dough. Only four scared little eyes peeked through. When the dish was ready the three hungry cooks bore it over to the fireplace.

"You'll be sorry when your pop gets back," sobbed the un-





happy pigs through the crust.

"*We'll* be sorry!" the little wolves mocked, and burst out laughing.

But just as they were pushing the pan toward the dancing flames, one of them remembered . . . "Wait! We forgot the pepper!" He pulled a tin out of his pocket and shook it plentifully over the pie.

The little pigs gasped and then . . .

"KA . . . TCHOO!"

They gave a powerful sneeze that blew the piecrust off the pie and the three little wolves were wrapped in the sticky mess. Struggle as they might they couldn't get free.

It didn't take the pigs long to jump out of the pan, scattering vegetables in all directions, and run out the door and off through the woods!

BY THIS time the Big Bad Wolf was very exhausted with all the punishment he had received. "I'll tell! I'll tell!" he howled. "Honest I'll tell!"

This time the needle pointed to TRUTH. The wolf lay back panting, his tongue hanging out. "They're in the Old Mill," he gasped.

"The Old Mill!" repeated the Practical Pig as he pulled another lever on the machine. A rocket shot up through the floor. It hooked itself on the wolf's coat and exploded, carrying him high across the sky like a shooting star.

As soon as he was safely out of the way the wise little pig made haste to save his brothers. In his hurry he grabbed a broom by mistake, and had to rush back to get his shotgun. Just then the door burst open and in ran the two foolish pigs squealing, "The wolf . . . the wolf . . . "

"Didn't I tell you not to go swimming?" asked their brother.

The little pigs sank down on the foot of the Lie Detector chair to get their breath. "We didn't go swimming," they said sweetly.

The mechanical arm scooped them right up, turned them over and spanked them good. How they squealed!

"Remember!" grunted their practical brother. "This hurts me more than it does you!" At that the machine reached out and picked him for a spanking too.

So they were *all* punished for not telling the truth!

the FIRST NURSE

"HAVE you no fancy work to do this morning, Flo?"

"No, Papa."

Mr. Nightingale unfolded the morning paper and prepared to read aloud to his daughters. The older girl bent over her drawing board, but Florence sat staring out of the window with a dreamy expression on her face.

"I think you might be happier if you were occupied," Mr. Nightingale went on. "Your sister has her drawing."

Florence said nothing. She was afraid that if she spoke at all, she might say too much. She agreed with her father. She did need to be occupied, but not with fancy work. She wanted to do something worth while, and to do it all day, every day.

But a hundred years ago wealthy young ladies were not supposed to be ambitious. They were brought up to know a little music, a little art and a little embroidery, and above all, to listen to papa.

So Florence sat still and felt extremely bored. She detested being read to, yet every morning Mr. Nightingale brought out his *London Times* and went over almost the entire contents. If she did not listen, at least Florence sat through it.

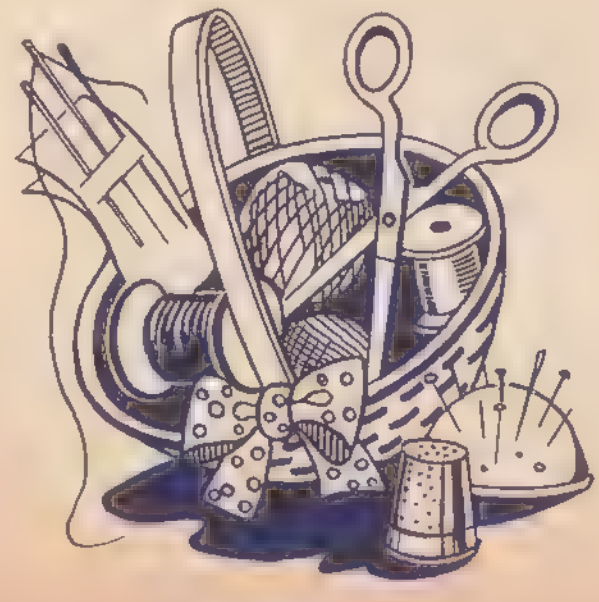
And though the mornings were unpleasant, the evenings were even worse. She didn't enjoy the social whirl of receptions and dances that went on, nor did she like to stay at home.

"O weary days!" she wrote. "O evenings that seem never to end! For how many long years I have watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach the ten!"

ON THE twelfth of May, 1845, Florence had her twenty-fifth birthday. That was an eventful year, for she had decided that what she wanted most was to be a nurse. She suggested to her father and mother that she should spend a few months at Salisbury Hospital, and learn as much as she could there.

The family was horrified. In those days most people thought of a nurse as a dirty, untrained old woman. And that, unfortunately, is what most nurses were. The idea that a decent young woman should go into a hospital was unthinkable.

Florence explained and pleaded. She had had some experience taking care of sick relatives and helping poor cottagers in the country. Besides she was convinced that one patient had died because her nurse was so ignorant. Then wouldn't it be a splendid thing for girls who were intelligent and interested to be properly trained as nurses, so that they could take the places of these old women?



Mrs. Nightingale couldn't see her daughter's point of view at all. Her father was more sympathetic and modern in his ideas. It was he who had taught Flo mathematics and science when none of the other girls were studying them. Yet he was unwilling to take Florence's part. Why, Mrs. Nightingale might have hysterics, and then where would they be?

The whole thing was out of the question. So having blown off steam, Florence apparently settled down again into her old life. However, she had not changed her mind. She began to read everything she could get hold of on the subjects of hospitals and medicine. Whenever she travelled on the continent, she visited nursing homes and studied how they were run.

On one of these European trips she spent three months in a German hospital, and how she loved it! The life was hard, but that was just what Florence wanted. Every morning she was up at five and busy all day. Only ten minutes were allowed the nurses for each meal, and the meals were extremely simple—bread, broth and vegetables. "Now," wrote Florence, "I know what it is to live and to love life."

Needless to say, Mrs. Nightingale did not approve of this venture, but she consented to it.

Her daughter had gradually made a number of friends among prominent people who were interested in her ideas. And besides, Florence had persuaded her that since the hospital was in Germany no one at home need know about it.

The young lady's next step was to insist that she must have a similar course of training in Paris. Some friends were going to France, she could q... easily accompany them. Her mother and sister realized that it was not too late to forbid her. The eaglet had tried her wings. She could not be held in the nest any longer.

As a compromise the family offered to let her start a nursing home in England. Surely she did not have to live abroad, and be away from them. Florence was touched by their suggestion, but she felt that she must have more training. So off she went to Paris.

When she came home she became the head of a small place with a remarkable name—*The Institution for Poor Gentlewomen in Illness.* It was really a home for old and sick governesses, and it was managed by a committee of society ladies. Actually it was Florence who managed *them.* She called them fashionable assets in her letters, but she made them do just what she wanted.

It was this ability to manage people and institutions, far more than her flair for nursing that was to make Florence famous. She had no sooner learned her job than war broke out—the Crimean war between Russia and England.

With cheers and a blare of trumpets the British set sail for the battle fields along the shores of the Black Sea. No nurses went with the army. The doctors did not want them. Unskilled nurses were likely to be a nuisance. And anyway, the general opinion was that it would be good for the soldiers to endure pain. They didn't need women with them.

Before long, news of a great victory reached England. But while the nation was still rejoicing, came other news. Stories of the sick and wounded who were not receiving any proper care. One man wrote: "For all I can observe, the men die without the least effort to save them."

An enormous building had been made into a hospital, but even that was overcrowded. There were not beds enough for the patients, and the doctors were greatly hampered by a lack of supplies. They were often without enough bandages.

Florence read the reports in the newspapers, and she wrote a letter to Sidney Herbert, the war minister, offering her services. At the very same time, he wrote to her, feeling that she was the one woman in England capable of taking a group of nurses to the military hospital.

SO MANY people have pictured Florence Nightingale as a sweet and sentimental lady, flitting from bed to bed, that it is important to see her as she really was—vigorous, firm and strong-minded. Any good hearted woman could have smoothed the soldiers' pillows, but it required great force of character to overcome the opposition and ridicule of the doctors and officers.

The very name Nightingale was a fine subject for merriment. Cartoons were drawn of birds with ladies' heads, flying about hospital wards. In Punch, some amusing verses were published, which began:

"Listen soldier to the tale of the
tender nightingale,
'Tis a charm that soon will ease
your wounds so cruel,
Singing medicine for your pain,
in a sympathetic vein,
With a jug, jug, jug of lemonade or gruel."

Continued on page 25

The Giant's Tooth

by Robin Palmer

THERE was once, in a country so far away that you have never even heard of it, a giant named Longfellow. He was as tall as a giraffe with a hat on, and as strong as he was big. But in spite of all his size and strength, this giant had the heart of a child. He loved ice cream and chocolate cake, and he never went to bed without a large teddy bear.

Longfellow lived with his housekeeper on the outskirts of a village. There was a garden beside his house, and at one end of it stood a grape arbor. All the children in the neighborhood knew how delicious those grapes were. They also knew that Longfellow was so good-natured he would let them eat as many as they chose. No one was afraid of him because he had never been known to be cross or to lose his temper.

One day Charlie, the bad boy of the village, called his friends together. "The giant's grapes are ripe," he cried. "Let's go up and get some."

Four boys went with him, and they shouted and had a great time as they climbed about the arbor, picking the finest bunches of grapes. After they had eaten so many that they couldn't possibly swallow another one, they were quiet for a few minutes, wondering what to do next. And it was then that they heard the sound of someone moaning as if in great pain.

"That must be Longfellow," said Charlie. "His housekeeper has been out all day."

"Let's go in and have some fun with him," cried one of the boys.

So they scrambled out of the arbor and through the giant's front door without even knocking. Longfellow was stretched out on one of his enormous couches. He had a bandage around his jaw, and from time to time he moaned and pressed the bandage with his hand.

"Shall we sit on his stomach and drum with our heels?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, please, PLEASE," groaned the giant. "Get me a dentist. I have a dreadful toothache."

But the boys laughed at him and began to climb on the couch.

"Get off me," cried Longfellow. He could easily have sent all of them sprawling with one swing of his arm, but he hated to hurt them. "Please go for a dentist," he begged.

The boys paid no attention to him, so, after a few minutes, he stood up, strode to the other end of the room, and when they

followed him, he went into his bedroom and locked the door.

"Just when we were beginning to have some fun," grumbled Charlie. "Isn't he a crab?"

They had to pass the dentist's house on their way home, but do you think they stopped to tell him about the giant? Indeed not. By that time they were thinking of other things.

So Longfellow sat at home and suffered until his housekeeper arrived at half past six.

"Dear me," she cried. "Your face is all swelled up. What IS the matter?"

"Toothache," groaned the giant.

"You poor, poor creature," said the housekeeper. "And tonight of all nights when we have ice cream and peach shortcake for dessert."

"Oh, please, PLEASE," moaned Longfellow.

"What you want is a good stout piece of clothes line."

"Clothes line?"

"The same. Tie it around your tooth and then to the door knob. I haven't seen it done, but I believe the correct method is to sit in a chair and have someone slam the door."

"Never," said the giant.

"Then what will you do?"

"Please bring me a dentist."

"Very well," replied the housekeeper. And she went immediately for she was kind-hearted.

The dentist came at once without even waiting to finish his dinner. Climbing up on a chair, he looked into the giant's mouth. "Tut, tut," he said. "Wider please."

"Wha—ar—aar?" asked Longfellow, without shutting his mouth.

The dentist shook his head sadly. "Do you clean them night and morning?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," replied the giant.

"With tooth paste or powder?" For a moment the dentist took his tools out of the giant's mouth.

"Both," cried Longfellow.

"Then it can't be that. Open again, please. Keep your tongue down. There we are. One—two—one—two—one—two." As he counted the dentist rocked back and forth on the chair and wiggled the sore tooth with a huge pair of tongs.

"One — two — THREE," he cried, and fell over backwards on the floor. But he had the tooth with him.

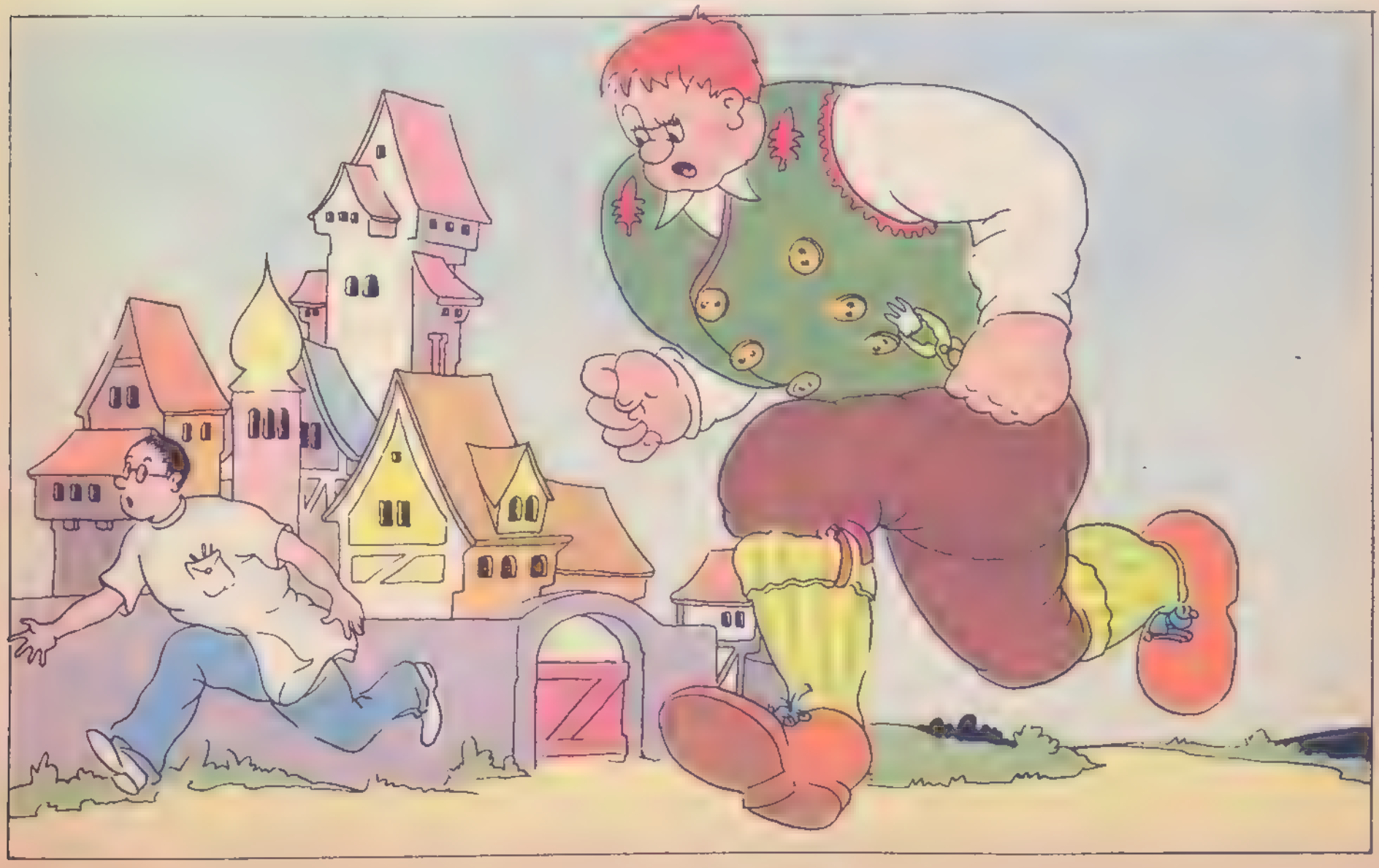
"Ow, oh, ow, oh, OUCH," roared the giant, without a trace of his good temper.

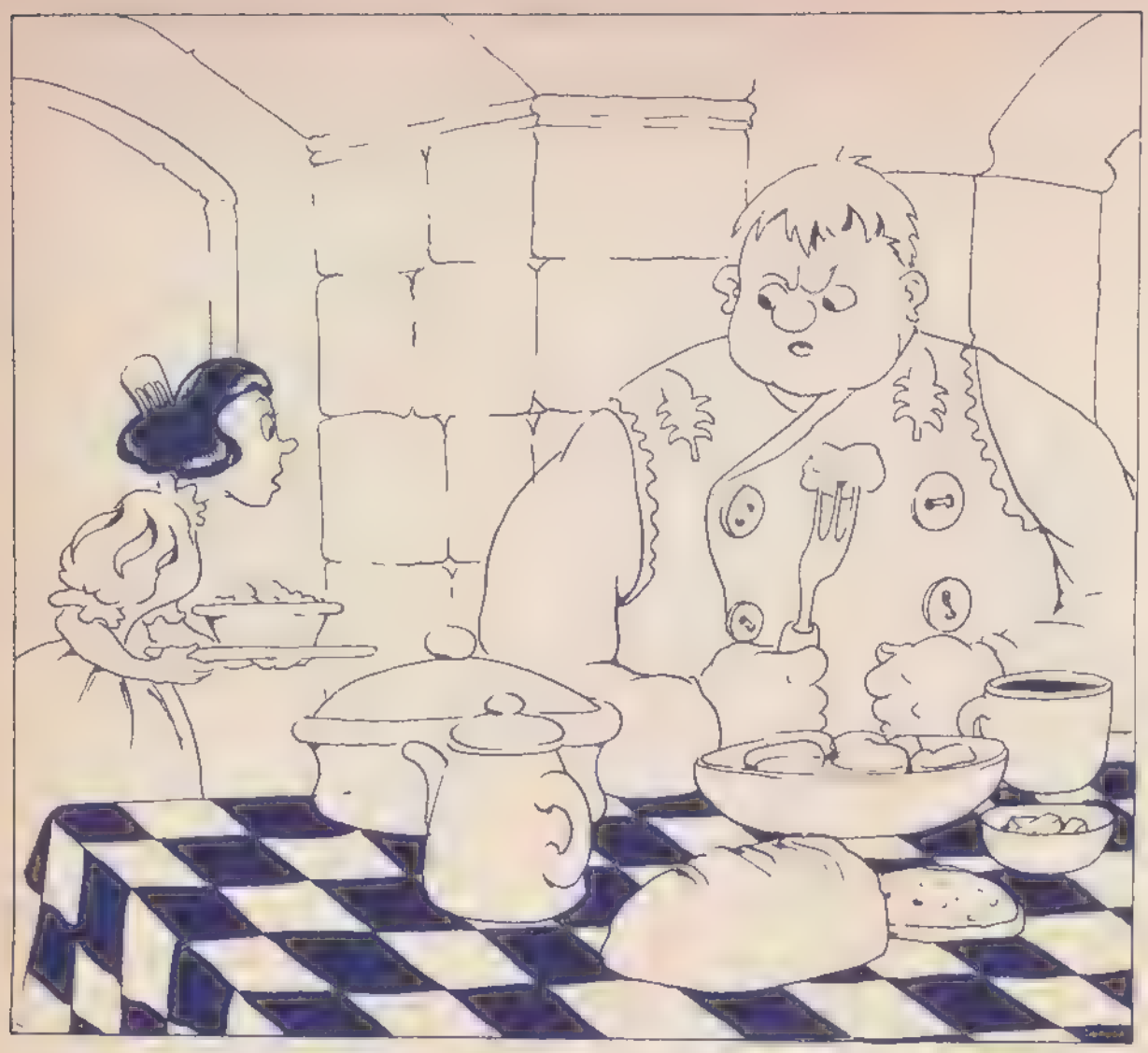
"There, there," said the dentist soothingly. "It's not half as bad as you think it is."

"Oh no?" snarled the giant. He picked up the tongs and chased the dentist out of the house and down the street.

When he came back he felt much better. "Good riddance to bad rubbish," said he. "Now let's have some dinner, Mehitable Jane." (That was his housekeeper's name.)

The soup, the meat and the vegetables were all delicious. But when the dessert came, Longfellow said: "No thanks, not tonight."





Mehitable Jane gasped. "No DESSERT? Why, what's come over you?"

"I dunno," answered Longfellow. "I just don't feel like eating it."

"Well, I never," muttered the housekeeper. "And you always wanting sweets more than anything else. Well, I never!"

But the next morning she was even more surprised. The giant ate his cereal without any sugar. And when he had finished it, he said fiercely: "Now, I'm going to punish those little rascals who were so horrid yesterday. First, I'll get that Charlie."

"You won't hurt him, will you?" asked Mehitable Jane, for the giant sounded very angry.

"I may—and then again I may not. At any rate, I'll punish him so thoroughly that he will never bother me again."

With these dreadful words, Longfellow strode out of the house.

CHARLIE always liked to lie in bed late in the mornings. He was still half asleep when a large hand reached through the window, picked him up by the back of his pajamas, and pulled him out of doors. There he was, kicking his legs, about eight feet above the ground. He was too frightened even to scream.

Longfellow just paused long enough to pluck the boy from bed, and then continued walking rapidly out into the country. When Charlie began to wriggle and squirm, the giant simply took him by one leg and carried him along head-downwards, the way he sometimes carried his teddy bear. You have no idea how uncomfortable it was.

Some time afterward, at a place about twelve miles from home, the giant stopped and spoke to Charlie. "For two cents," he said, "I'd wring your little neck." Charlie shivered and said nothing. He was too scared.

"And let me tell you," the giant went on, "the next time you steal my grapes and apples, or the next time you come into my house without knocking, you'll go out on the toe of my boot. Do you understand?"

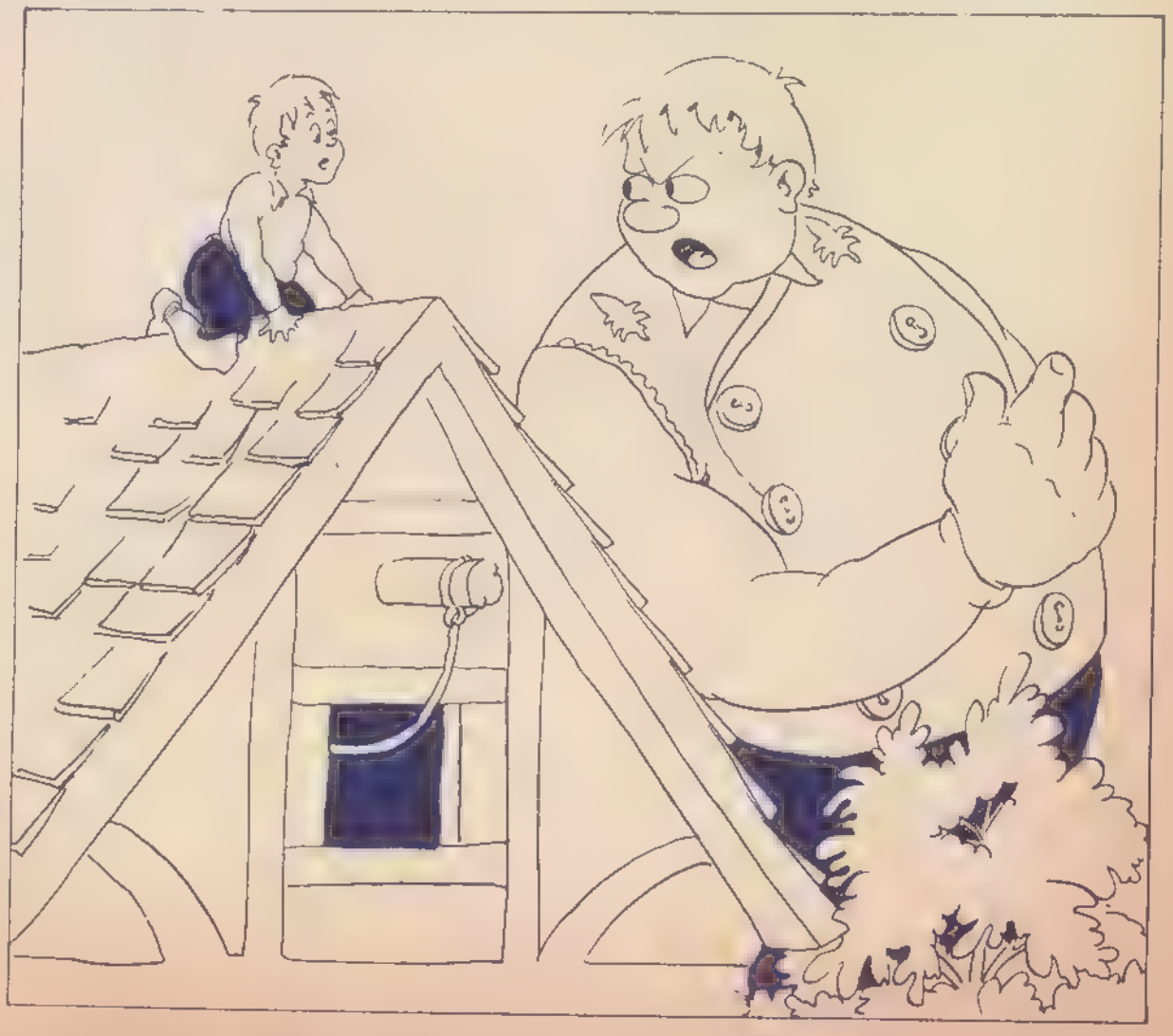
Still Charlie said nothing.

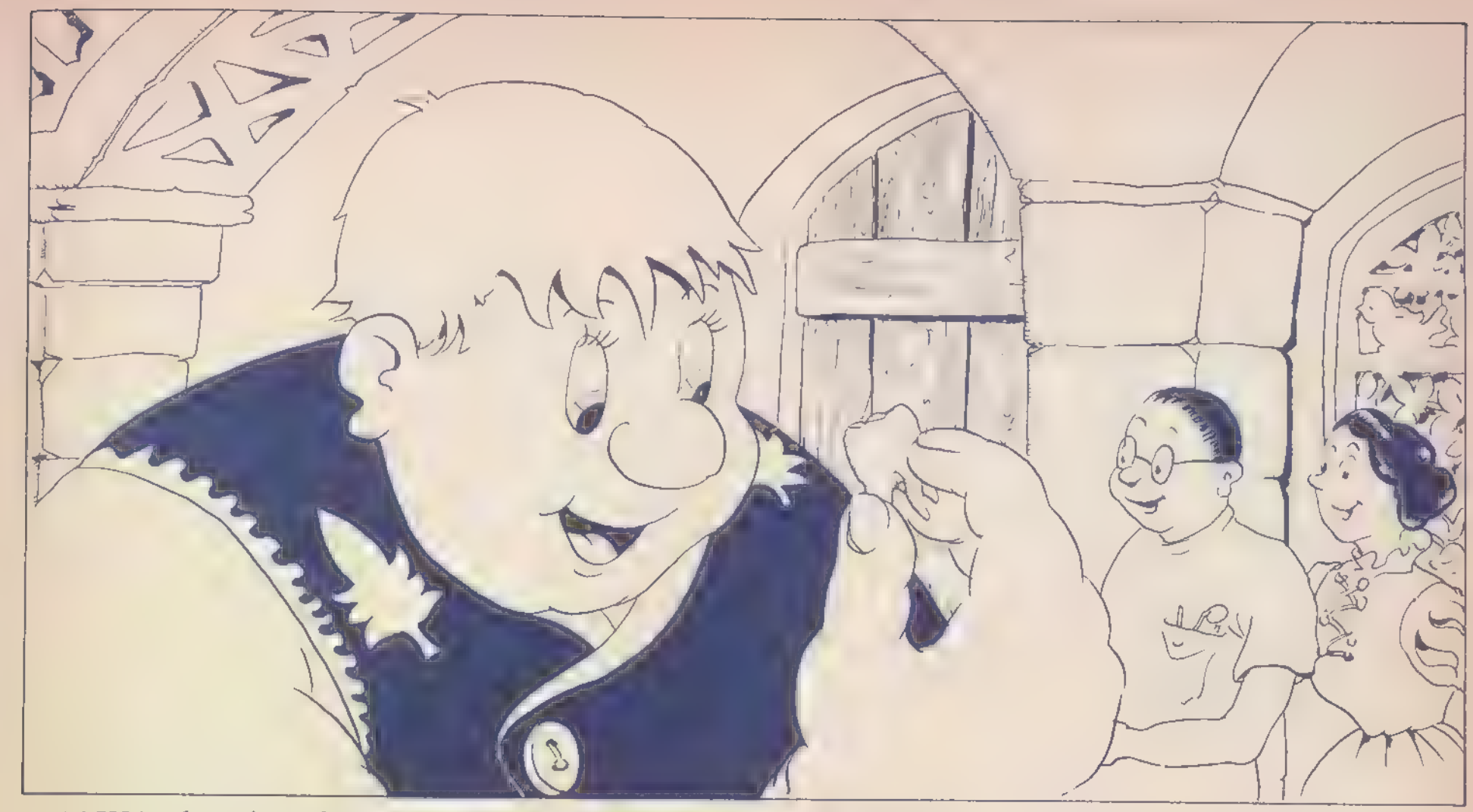
"DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"Y-yes sir," he whispered hoarsely.

"See that you don't forget it. And now—you must get home the best way you can."

The next thing Charlie knew, he was sitting on the roof of a barn, and Longfellow was walking rapidly down the road.





IT WAS late that afternoon before one of the farmers in the neighborhood saw the boy and helped him down. And it was late that night when he limped into his own yard and up to the front door.

Of course he told his mother what had happened, and before long everyone in the town was talking about the great change that had come over Longfellow. Ladies asked each other about him at the market.

"Is it true that the giant drives the boys out of his garden these days?" one would say to another.

"Yes, and sometimes he spanks them. They say he is quite cross."

But the housekeeper was sorry for Longfellow. "I think you must be ill," she said. "Won't you please see a doctor? You don't seem to enjoy yourself any more."

"All because of that old dentist," grumbled the giant. "I haven't been the same since he pulled out my tooth."

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, a thousand times NO. He would probably cut out my tonsils or even worse. No doctors for me!"

So he continued to be disagreeable.

Then one day Mehitable Jane had a bright idea. "I know what is the matter," she cried. "Perhaps I can cure you. Do you happen to know where the tooth is that the dentist pulled out?"

"Yes," replied the giant sulkily, "I put it in a glass of water by my bed, but the fairies never came and left me the ten cents. Why didn't they do you suppose?"

"Perhaps you're too big," said the housekeeper. "Will you give me the tooth?"

"For ten cents?"

"Well—all right. I'll give you ten cents for it."

Longfellow smiled. From his pocket he took the large tooth and handed it to Mehitable Jane. "It's really worth more because it is so large," he said. "You are getting a rare bargain.

"Thank you," replied the housekeeper.

Without delay she took the tooth to the dentist and asked if he could make a false one exactly like it.

"Certainly I can," answered the dentist. "Let me examine it."

For a long time he looked at the tooth and worked over it. Then he gave a sharp cry of dismay. "HORRORS! This is his SWEET tooth!"

"Ah," said Mehitable Jane. "Just as I thought. We must get him a false one as soon as possible."

"But I have never made a false *sweet* tooth. I'm not sure that I can."

"Nonsense, you said you could make teeth."

"But not sweet—just ordinary."

"You are stupid," cried Mehitable Jane. "All you have to do is mix up an ordinary tooth, and before it gets hard, add some sugar. Any cook could tell you that."

"I'll try it," the dentist said.

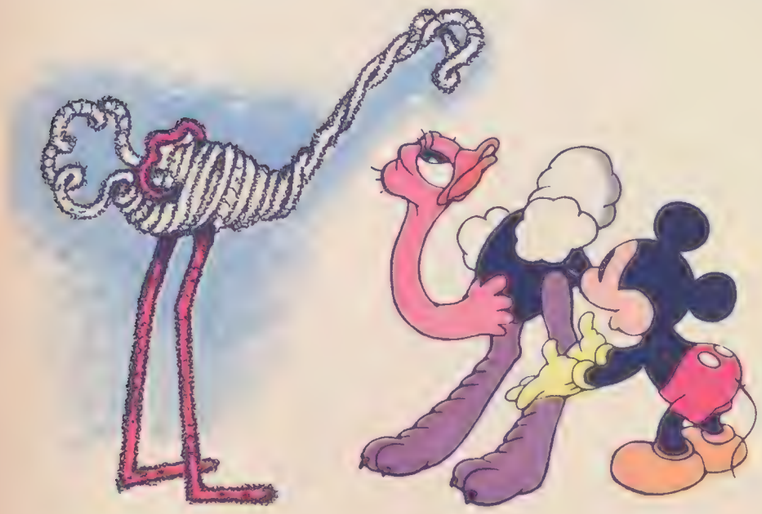
He did try. And what's more, the plan worked. The giant had as fine a sweet tooth and as fine a sweet temper as ever. Moreover, it had this peculiar advantage over a real tooth. He could remove it whenever he felt he should scold or punish naughty boys. When the scolding was over, Longfellow simply put back the tooth and was as good tempered as he could be.

So on the whole, he was better off than before.

Curious Creatures

HAVE you ever played with pipe cleaners? They are ever so much fun on a rainy day and they are also good at a party. Give a few to each of your friends and ask them to see which one can make the funniest animal. You will be surprised how silly some of the results are.

And if you are sick in bed, or alone at home, you'll enjoy playing with them all by yourself. A good-sized package, enough to make five or six curious creatures, can be bought in any cigar store for a nickel. So you don't need to worry about getting supplies.



The only tool you need is a pair of wire snippers or old scissors. And before you go to your mother's work basket, let me warn you that she won't be a bit pleased if you borrow her good scissors to cut pipe cleaners with. They have wire inside of them.

Suppose we begin with an easy animal. When he is finished, you can decide for yourself whether he is a donkey, a horse or even a goat. Take one pipe cleaner and bend it in the middle, like a hairpin, so that the two ends are together and the sides are nearly the same length. Twist it a couple of times in the center to hold both halves together. The twisted part is the body of your animal.

Now take the double pipe cleaner and bend it twice. Bend down about one-third for the front legs, and about one-third for the back legs. Separate the front legs, and since the back ones are fastened together, snip them apart. Then your headless animal is able to stand up.

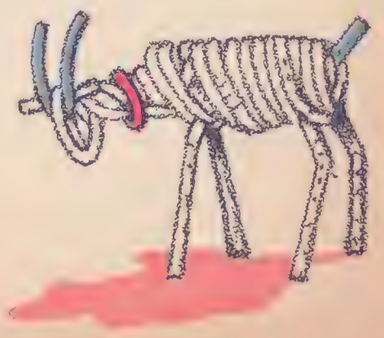
Now take a piece of pipe cleaner, about one-fourth of one, for a tail. It fastens on easily by twisting one end around the body. You can have a standing-up tail, which looks very perky, or a hanging-down one; that looks quite sad.

Next comes the most important part, the head. Take another whole cleaner for it, and bend it once, just as you did in the first place. This time the two separated ends are going to be ears. They should be a little less than half an inch long. Bend them sideways, and twist the rest of the cleaner all the way to the end.

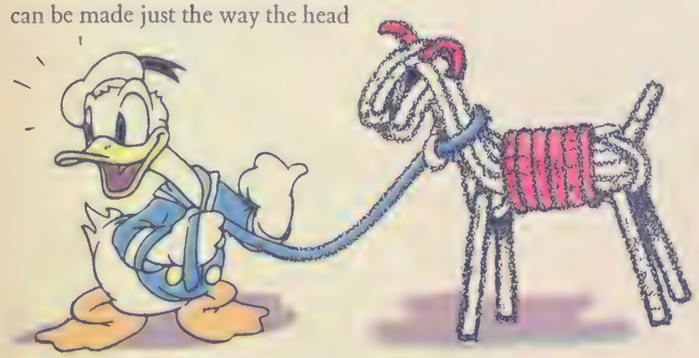
The head is made of four thicknesses of pipe cleaner. You see it is already double, so it is only necessary to bend the double part once more, about half an inch below the ears. Pinch the bent part together, and turn down the rest of the pipe cleaner for the neck. It is fastened on by winding the lower part of the neck around the body. This also makes the body more solid.

Now that you have made this animal, you will find that others are made in much the same way. Always pick out a curious creature to start with, and you will not have trouble putting him together so that your friends can tell what he is.

One good method is to take a book with pictures of animals in it, and look them over. You will soon notice that some of them, like the giraffe, are very unusual and would be easy to make. You will also notice that the giraffe's back slopes downhill. That means that although you will need a whole pipe cleaner for the front legs alone, you will only need three-quarters of one for the back legs.



The head and neck of a giraffe can be made just the way the head of the first animal was, but the neck is so long that there is not enough to wrap around the body. For this reason, it is a good idea to leave a small loop at the base of the neck when you are twisting it. Through this loop you can slip the pipe cleaner that is to make the front legs. And you also can slip through it another cleaner that is to be the body. By twisting, the parts can be made to hold together firmly.



ANIMALS like the ostrich and the kangaroo are harder to make, because to make them look right, you have to wind two pipe cleaners around their bodies. This gives them a solid appearance, and if you look at their pictures in an animal book, you will find that the kangaroo is quite a solid animal, and the ostrich is a very husky bird.

Perhaps it would be helpful in making these birds to buy tapered pipe cleaners. One end is very fat and fluffy and the other is small. The large end will make the body of your animal more solid.

There are also insects that can be made from pipe cleaners. You might try a centipede or a spider large enough to frighten Miss Muffet.

And what about the dinosaurs? As you continue to make things get more and more ideas, and, you will find that the best fun is to do something that you have thought up by yourself.

You will also find that with a little practice you can put together an animal very quickly. So you could easily make enough curious creatures to use as favors and table decorations at a party. And if you tie little cards around their necks, you will have some unusual place card holders. Try it some day.

Now, when I was in Africa, I went big game hunting. I was sniffing my way through the jungle and suddenly I heard a growl from behind me. I wheeled about my nerves tense, my gun ready for instant action and I saw . . . my dog Fido!

Bob Speik
South Pasadena, Cal.
Age 10

Erskine Seay
Cambridge, Mass.
Age 6

The fish live in the sea,
If they go down they will not drown.
But that's no help to me.

Rikki Erkelens
Sharon, Mass.
Age 4

Once there was a doll named Rose who lived in an attic. Just a week before Christmas there was to be a party and all the dolls were invited. But poor Rose could not go with half the paint off her face and a broken arm. So she cried. A little squirrel looked in the window and asked why she was crying.

"Because I want so much to go to the party," she sobbed.

"Come along with me and maybe I can help you," said the squirrel.

He took her to Mrs. Cat who was a dressmaker. She promised to make a dress and socks and to ask her husband to make a pair of shoes. And the squirrel offered to give a bit of his tail for a plume in her hat.

When her new clothes were finished and they had found some fresh paint for her face, Rose looked very pretty. And what do you think? She won the first prize at the party for the prettiest doll there. It was a doll's house with a closet in the bedroom and six pretty dresses just her size.

Janice Gordon
Middletown, Ohio
Age 8

George W. Garrettson
Whittier, Calif.
Age 7

Patricia Sampson
Chicago, Ill.
Age 5

GOD'S CATHEDRAL
(One room in Carlsbad Caverns)

As the huge form of the Rock of Ages slowly rose into view, a tingling sensation was felt as we shuffled steadily forward. The solemn pat, pat of our feet added to the beautiful splendor of it all. The damp musty smell was everywhere and it was chilly. Far away somewhere a group of rangers were hidden in the beautifully colored, nature-made cathedral, and they started to sing. As their voices drifted toward us the lights faded. Then it was dark inky black, so black one could nearly feel it. As the song died away the lights came on again. It filled your heart with awe and this experience was so impressive that it can never be forgotten.

Bobby Miller
El Paso, Texas
Age 12

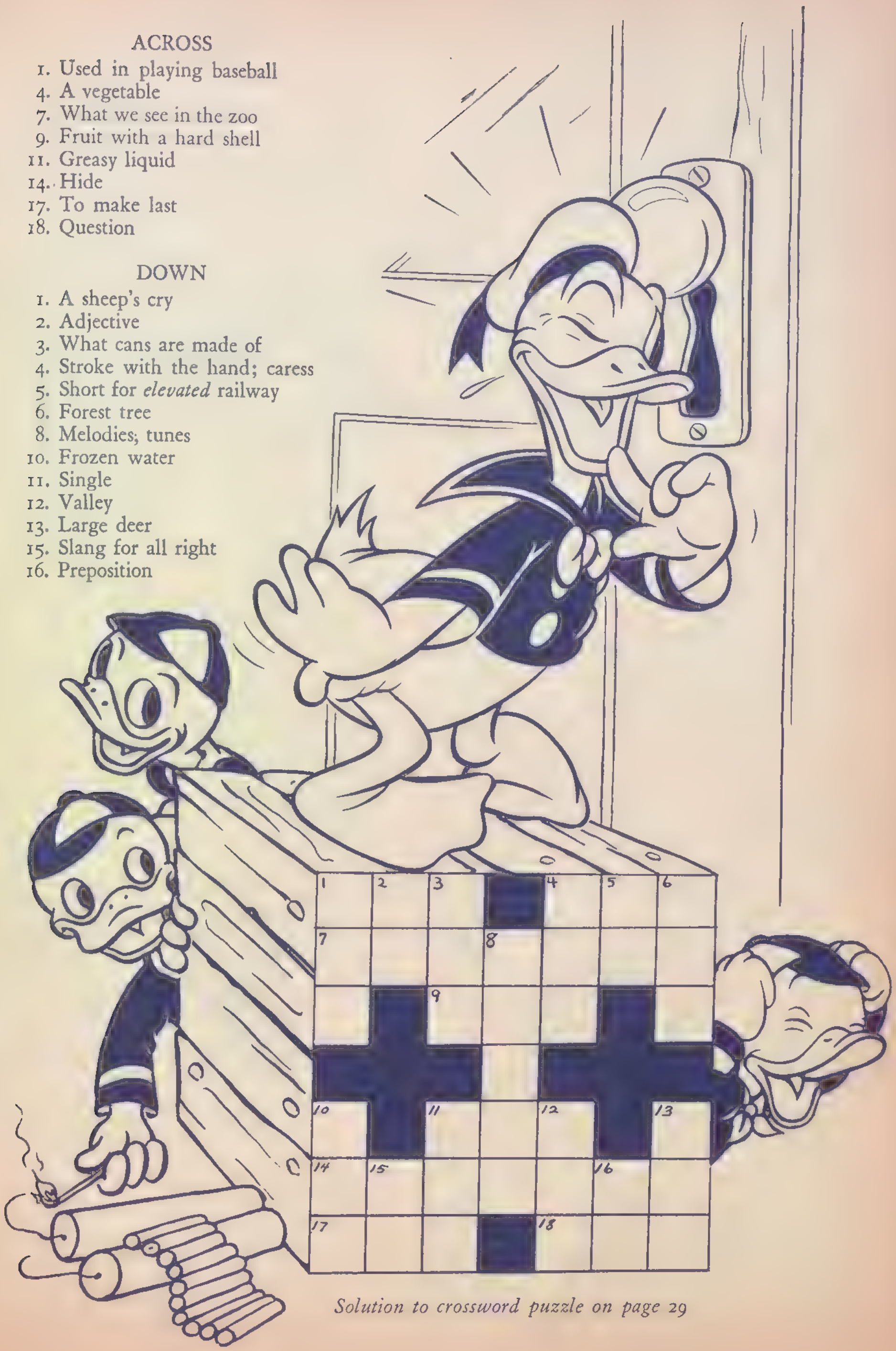
We will consider your submission of contributions to this page as permission that they be printed.

ACROSS

1. Used in playing baseball
4. A vegetable
7. What we see in the zoo
9. Fruit with a hard shell
11. Greasy liquid
14. Hide
17. To make last
18. Question

DOWN

1. A sheep's cry
2. Adjective
3. What cans are made of
4. Stroke with the hand; caress
5. Short for *elevated* railway
6. Forest tree
8. Melodies; tunes
10. Frozen water
11. Single
12. Valley
13. Large deer
15. Slang for all right
16. Preposition



Solution to crossword puzzle on page 29

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

"PETER, you is the scarcest white boy I ever did see!" gasped Watson all out of breath.

"I guess you're trying to say you've been looking for me, is that it?" asked Peter from behind his geography book.

"Don't you smell the smoke? Didn't you hear the people shoutin'? Or the fire bell a ringin' or nothing!" Watson cried fairly bursting with excitement.

"Fire bell!" exclaimed Peter. "Where's the fire?"

"Follow yo' nose!" grinned Watson.

In a wink they were both running across the fields toward the smoke. People were gathered from all around. The Sheriff was there and Peter even saw his father in the crowd. The fire crackled and burned so hotly that in no time the sides of the neighboring farmer's barn collapsed and it was completely destroyed.

"A fine new barn, it was too. Just built a spell back!" said one of the onlookers puffing a corncob pipe.

"Looks funny to me!" remarked the Sheriff. "I'd like to know how in thunder it ever started!"

Peter was busy watching the country firemen pumping water onto the smoking ruins. But he had one ear turned to the conversations around him. And then he saw Nosey!

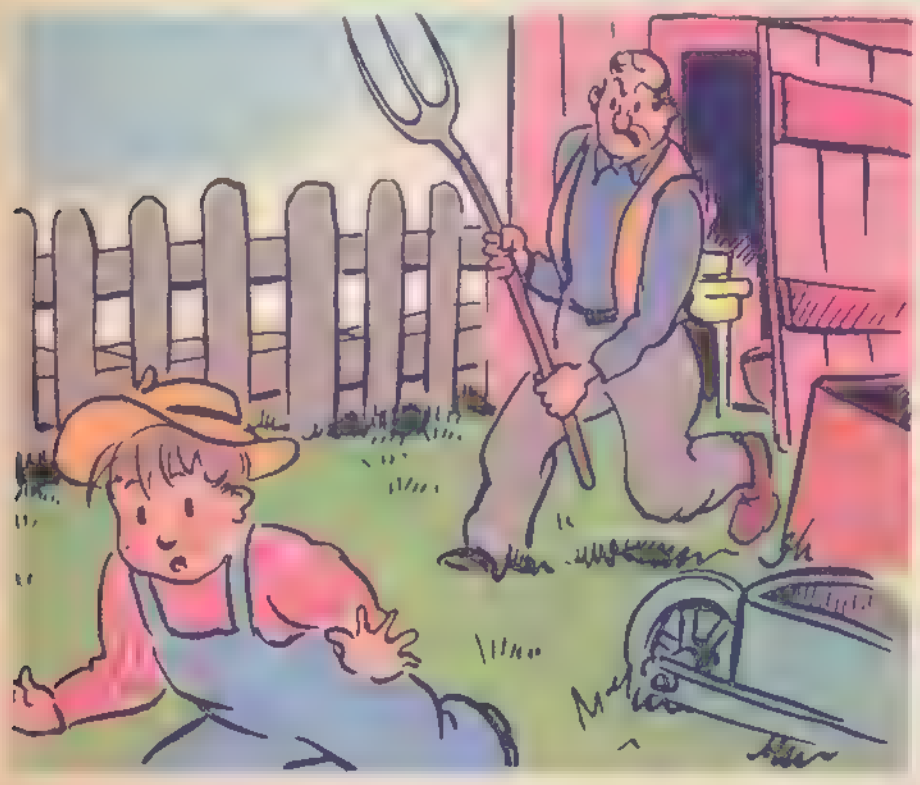
Nosey was acting very funny—sniffing the grass, running off a little way and then back again to sniff some more. Peter walked over and getting down on his hands and knees he sniffed too. Kerosene fumes! Nosey barked and ran on still sniffing the ground. Peter and Watson followed. The trail led down past the orchard and across the fence to the farm next door. It seemed deserted. There was no one in the fields or anywhere to be seen. Nosey was trotting along very fast now and led them straight to a tool shed.

The door was ajar so they went in.

"Boy! Look at this!" cried Peter, picking up an empty can marked KEROSENE. In the bottom was a small hole and a large dark spot showed on the floor.

"Whatta you kids doin' in here?" a gruff voice asked.

While Peter was apologizing for trespassing, Watson slipped out unnoticed and ran for help.



"Stealin' that's what you're doing here. Get off!" cried the man and grabbing a pitch fork he chased after Peter and Nosey who made a dash for the highroad.

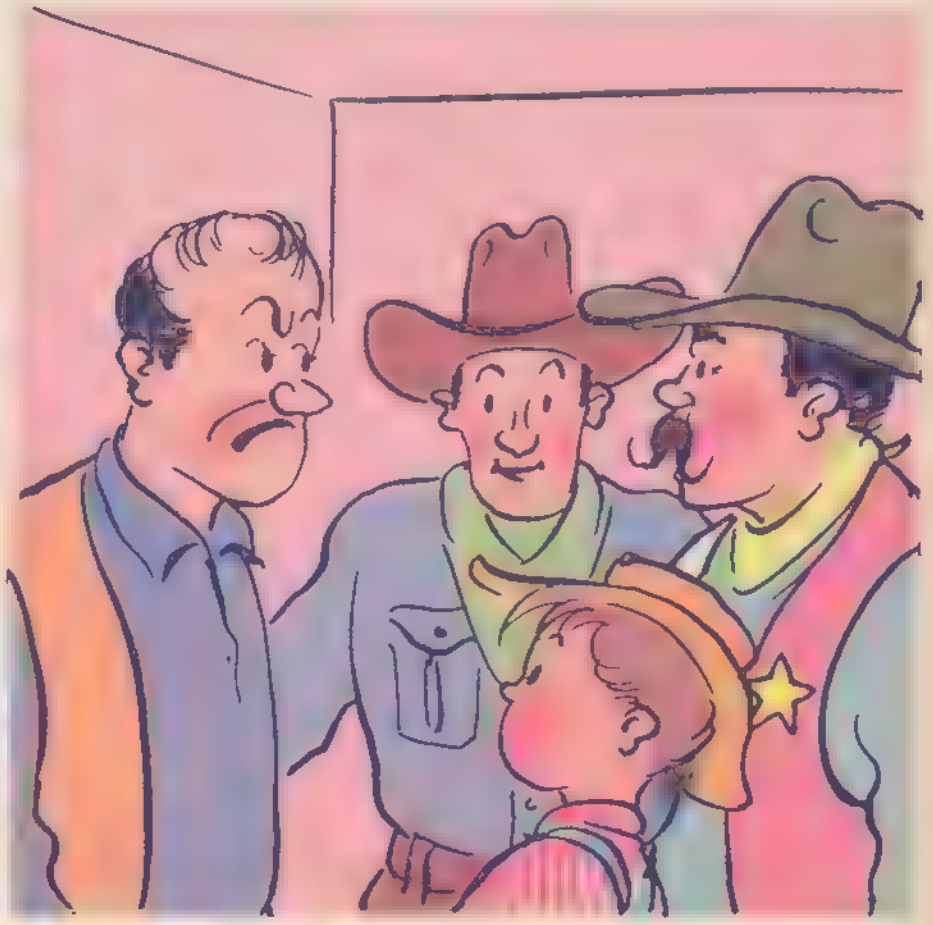
Fortunately a car with the Sheriff and his men and the faithful Watson pulled up just in time to save Peter.

"Here you are, Sheriff, arrest this meddling good-for-nothing boy!" shouted the man.

"If you don't mind, just slip these handcuffs on yourself. They'll fit better!" said the Sheriff coolly, placing the man under arrest.

"What you think you're doing? I haven't done anything. I'm innocent I tell you. I don't know anything about the fire. Just minding my own business. You can't do this to me!" the man protested all the way into town.

But in the Sheriff's office he did break down and confess.



"Well, I've had it in for old Silas for a spell now and I reckon I got my revenge!"

"You're not forgetting," the Sheriff said with a smile, "that you'll be making good every last penny on that barn —and then there's a little matter of a reward for the boy you wanted to lock up. You'll be paying that too! I think in the end you'll find your revenge a very bitter pill, to swallow! Well, boys, lock him up!"

A Short Short Story

MICKEY MOUSE picked up the telephone with a deep frown on his face.

"Hello! This you Minnie. Listen I have a strange message here from Walt Disney. I don't know what it means. It says, 'Report immediately with all the gang for *television* test.' What's that mean?"

"Oh! Mickey don't you know," cooed Minnie over the wire. "It means, well, I suppose it means we're going to get our eyes tested! I'll be right over."

But Donald Duck refused to go.

"Quack! Quack! Quack! Nobody is going to fool around my eyes! Their my best feature!" he announced.

Clara Cluck cleared up the mystery. She had picked up no end of gossip around the studio and was she proud to be the first one to break the news!

"Why haven't you heard," she clucked. "Everyone is talking about this wonderful machine. It takes your picture just like a camera, a movie camera, only it travels through the air."

"Ho! Ho! Ghosts!" interrupted Goofy with a loud guffaw.

"Believe it or not," continued Clara Cluck, "I heard Walt say with my own ears that children all over the world could look into a machine and see us and hear us just as if they were here!"

"Oh! boy-oh-boy-oh-boy!" quacked Donald and dashed off as fast as he could to get the best place right in front.

What a to-do there was in the dressing rooms. Everyone wanted to look his best—you would almost have thought it was a beauty contest if old Scarface and Goofy hadn't been there.

Everyone sat very still behaving like angels for the whole world to see. And that took so much concentration that no one noticed the door open ever so softly and an uninvited guest stick his head in.

"Bang!"

The new machine went up in smoke and springs and screws and bolts and nuts flew in all directions. There was one face in Disneyville that just wouldn't *take* and that face belonged to—the BIG BAD WOLF.

THE FIRST NURSE

Continued from page 13

Florence disliked publicity, so she and her band of nurses left England at night with only a few friends to see them off. Some amusing stories are told about the clothes they wore.

There were no attractive nurses' uniforms in those days, and a dress and cap were provided, which would be durable, and which would not make the ladies too attractive to the soldiers. No attempt was made to have the dresses fit properly, and they were all made about the same size. That meant that the tall ladies had short dresses, and the short ladies had long dresses, to say nothing of the fat ones having them too tight.

But though the nurses could bring themselves to wearing the dresses, there was many an argument over the caps. They were hideous, and they seemed to be unnecessary. Florence wrote home about one woman who said:

"There are some things, ma'am, that suits one face, and some that suits another. And if I'd known, ma'am, about the caps, great as was my desire to come out and nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, ma'am."

Florence found things at Scutari even worse than she had imagined. The hospital was filthy. Almost no laundry had been done, and most of the patients had no clothes besides the uniforms they were wearing.

When she introduced toothbrushes, more than one of the army officers made fun of her. "What does a soldier want with a toothbrush!"

The doctors did not like the idea of having nurses in the first place, and they prophesied that they would not stay long.

"Wait till they see the rats!"

said one of them. "A mouse is enough to scare a woman out of her wits."

He didn't know these women! One night Florence knocked a rat down from his perch over one of the nurses' beds. There was no wild excitement. However, someone did write home these rats were bolder than English rats. They didn't run away when they were shouted at.

They were also more numerous. They overran both the hospital and the supply rooms. Florence waged war with them, as she also did with the dirt, the poor food and the limited equipment. She spent her own money as well as a fund collected in England. So many things were needed.

Not the least of these were nightshirts for the hundreds of patients still lying in their filthy uniforms. "The fact is," wrote Florence, "that I am now clothing the British army."

She was helping to feed it, too. Up to the time of her arrival, no matter how sick the men were they were fed regular army rations—food that at its best was not

Continued on page 29

New tires are not in the budget

The cost of new automobile tires is considerable—an EXTRA expense that can be very disagreeable. How proud you would be to surprise the family with a new set you had bought and paid for yourself! You can do it very easily if you will follow this suggestion.

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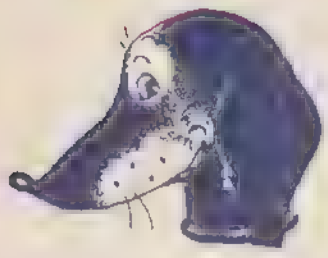
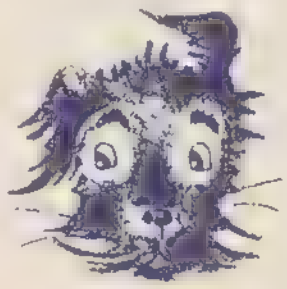
Book Review



DO YOU remember MR. HEINIE, that delightful book we told you about last year? Mary Alice Beistle and her mother, Aldarilla Beistle, have given us a new story. It's about Mr. Heinie and Scroot. Scroot is a stray homeless puppy in a cold, cold world. He's just a dog, no special kind, and pretty ragged but so appealing that even the august Mr. Heinie is beguiled into accepting him.

All Scroot knew was that inside the house was a warm beautiful world quite different from the one he knew outside. And he was glad to be accepted even though he never knew why—If he thought about it at all he probably just called it *dog luck*.

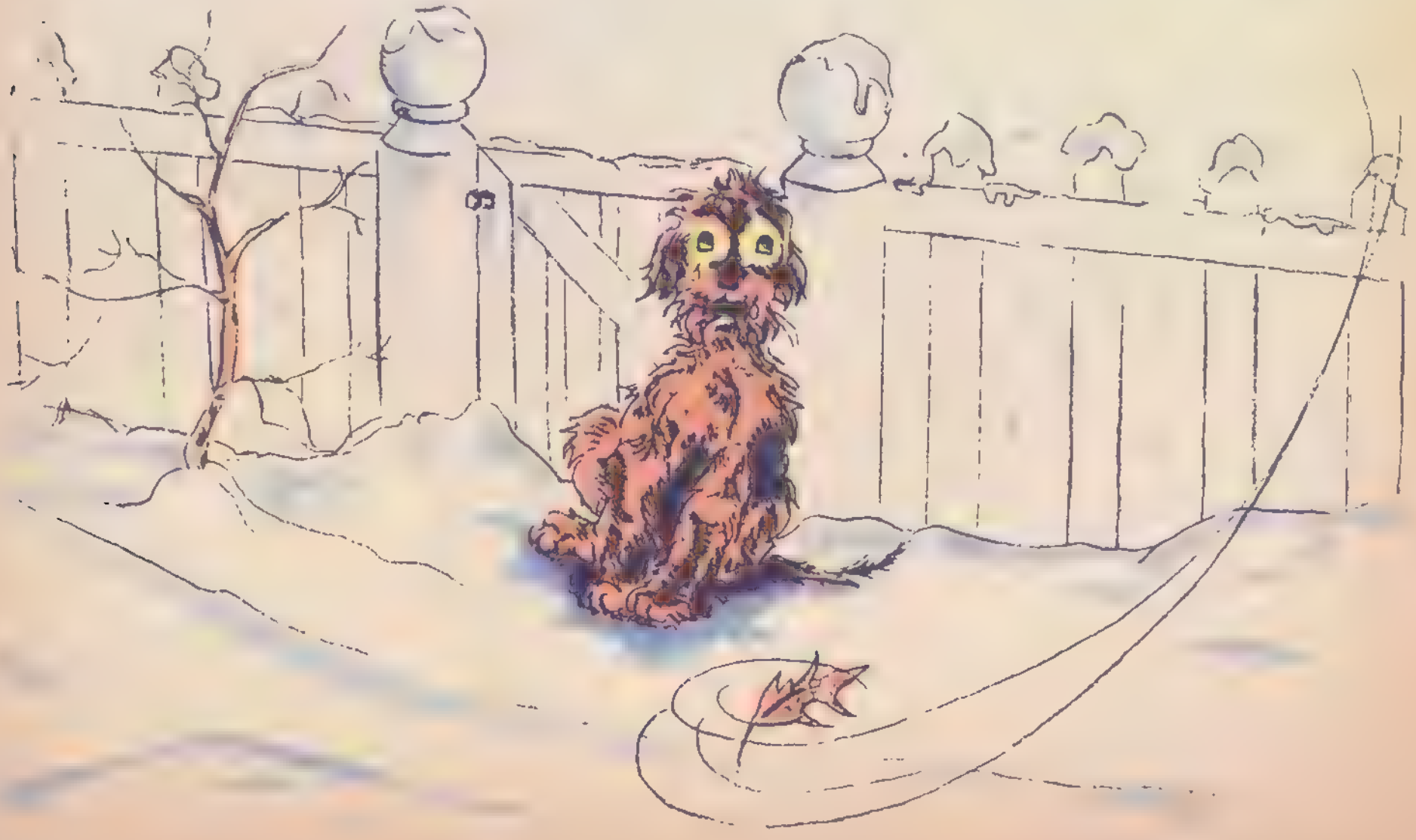
The drawings Mary Alice has made for this book are delightful, with a certain intimate quality which is probably due to the fact that she used her own home as a background for her own dogs.



Mr. Heinie grew from Mary Alice "doodling" with a pencil on every available piece of paper about the house. It all began when she was just a little girl thirteen years old. Now she is seventeen and for this book she made her own color separations on glass, so what you see in the printed book is almost like an original drawing.

We understand that the "doodling" has already commenced for the next book and this time some children are to be introduced in the pictures and the story.

MR. HEINIE AND SCROOT is published by the David McKay Company, Washington Square, Philadelphia, and costs $1.00.



THE SUN is not up yet. The farm and all the animals on it are asleep—the rooster, the chickens, the ducks, the cows and sheep, even the farm cat and the watch-dog, Fidele.

Then the sky turns pink and the sun appears on the horizon. The rooster crows, the ducks quack, the cat meows and washes her face. Smoke comes from the farmhouse chimney. And Francois, the farmer's little boy, jumps down from his feather bed and dresses himself. The whole farm is waking up!

Francois takes us around and introduces us to all the creatures of the farm. Fidele the watch-dog comes along too, after he has led the cows to the meadow.

We meet the Brittany cow, black and white, and her little spotted calf, the big horse with the brass of his harness gleaming in the sun, the rabbits in their hutch, the guinea hens and peacocks and turkeys and chickens, the amiable donkey, the pink pigs, the goats and the sheep.

And when we have met them all we are as fond of them as Francois himself!

All over the world farms are very much alike, and so are the farm animals. Houses are built differently in China and Russia and France and America and the crops vary, but the simple outdoor life among the animals is what children love.

THIS is a delightful book about farm animals. The French peasant family is in the background but it is really the animals who are featured one by one.

Helene Guertik made the decorative colorful illustrations. Perhaps you are already familiar with her work in the little book, *Animals That I Like*. And Louise Raymond has given us a beautiful translation of the original story written in French by Lida You are all familiar with some of her stories, Bruin, the little brown bear; Plouf, the little wild duck; Fluff, the little wild rabbit. She tells true stories in a charming simple style which is the language of children. And so they will all love this book about life on a farm with many big gay pictures of the animals.

THE LITTLE FRENCH FARM

is published by Harper & Brothers, New York City, and costs $1.

Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

Man: I don't want anything I tell you. If you don't stop pestering me I'll call the police.

Street Peddler: Here you are, sir—the very thing. A police whistle for a dime!

Margaret Anne Harris
Marianna, Arkansas
Age 12

A little girl was watching some day-old baby chicks and said, "Mother, be careful and don't step on them because you know they are made out of eggs!"

Elizabeth Bowers
Helena, Arkansas
Age 8

Little Boy, looking at an eclipse of the moon.

"Look, mother, the earth is making a shadow on the moon."

Mother: "Yes, Billy."

Little Boy: "I wish the earth would hurry up and move so we could see the eclipse better."

Ward Nelson
Davis Islands
Tampa, Florida
Age 9

Boy: I wish I had lived 300 years ago!

Classmate: Why?

Boy: I wouldn't have so much history to learn.

Robert Shindler
Pittsfield, Mass.

Mother: Bobby, were you a good boy at church today?

Bobby: Yes, mother. A man offered me a big plate of money and I said, "No, thank you."

Thomas Stockton
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Age 8

Diana, walking with her mother: Hello, Johnny!

Mother: What is that little boy's last name?

Diana: Johnny Sitdown, that's what the teacher calls him.

Mary Ann Witt
Royal Oak, Mich.
Age 9

Customer trying to be funny: Give me two pounds of potato seed.

Green clerk: Guess we're all out, sir. I'll tell the manager.

Manager: Why, he was kidding you. Don't you know that potatoes don't grow from seeds?

Later a lady came in and asked for bird seed and the clerk laughed: You can't fool me. I know birds don't grow from seeds!

Ruth Andersen
New York, N. Y.
Age 9

Son: Father, do you say, "It is me" or "It is I?"

Father: Always remember the rhyme, "It is I said the spider to the fly!"

Son: I see. But can't you say, "It is me said the spider to the flea?"

Grace Kampmeyer
Oaklyn, N. J.
Age 11

There was a grocer named March. One day a salesman came into his store and announced that on the first of April the price of tea was going up.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr. March.

The next day another salesman came in and said that on the first of April the price of sugar would go up.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr. March.

The same day his landlord came in and told him that his rent would be raised as of April first.

Mr. March sighed and hung this sign in his window:

THE FIRST OF APRIL WILL BE THE END OF MARCH!

Danny Harrington
Soughton, Wis.
Age 8

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

THE FIRST NURSE

Continued from page 25

good for an invalid. At first the doctors scoffed when they found that some of the soldiers were given broth and special dishes by the nurses. But gradually, as the number of deaths became fewer and fewer, all The Nightingale's reforms were tolerated.

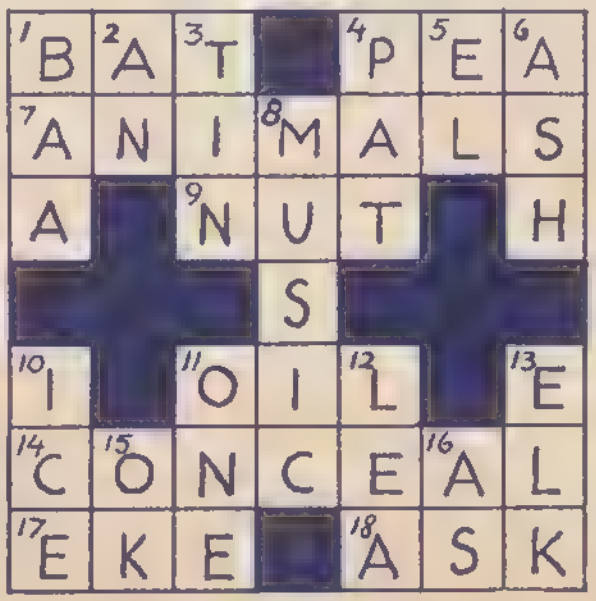
However, Florence was not content with improving hospital conditions. She condemned all the military red tape, and really tried to reorganize the British army. When the war was over, she returned home as quietly as she had left. She travelled under the name of Miss Smith, and walked to her home from the railroad station, so that no one would know she was expected. In this way she escaped the demonstrations of the people who wanted to honor her.

For she had become famous all over England and America. Longfellow's poem dedicated to her, "The Lady With The Lamp," was read and quoted everywhere.

But Florence felt her work had only begun. She was determined to make reforms in the army so that the conditions at Scutari could never exist again. And though doctors urged her to rest, for her health was failing, they were unable even to make her take a holiday. She worked for years, writing, planning and consulting officials.

"What a head," said Queen Victoria. "I wish we had her in the War Office."

So valuable were Florence's reports and ideas about organizing hospitals, that many of them are still in use. How often her father must have smiled to himself, thinking: "Florence has indeed found an occupation."



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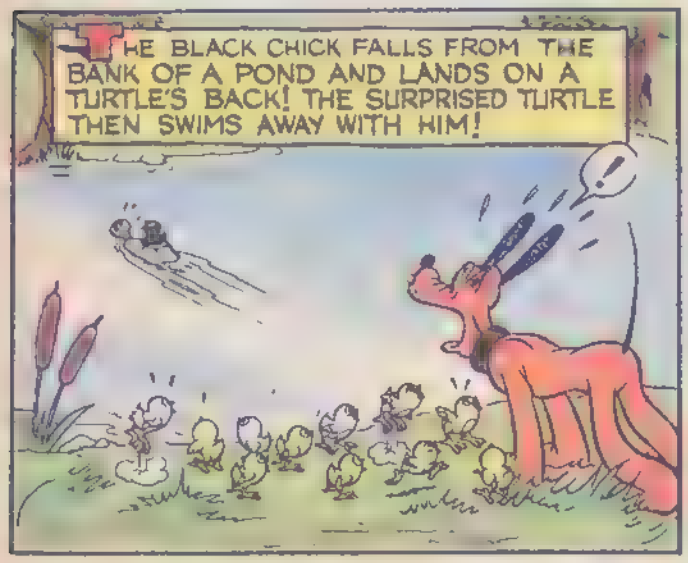
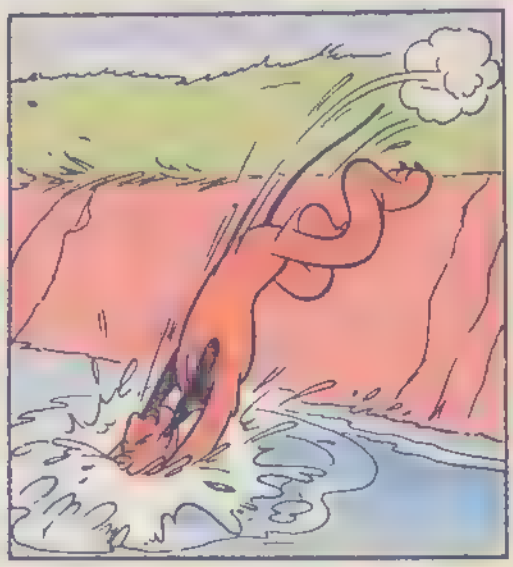
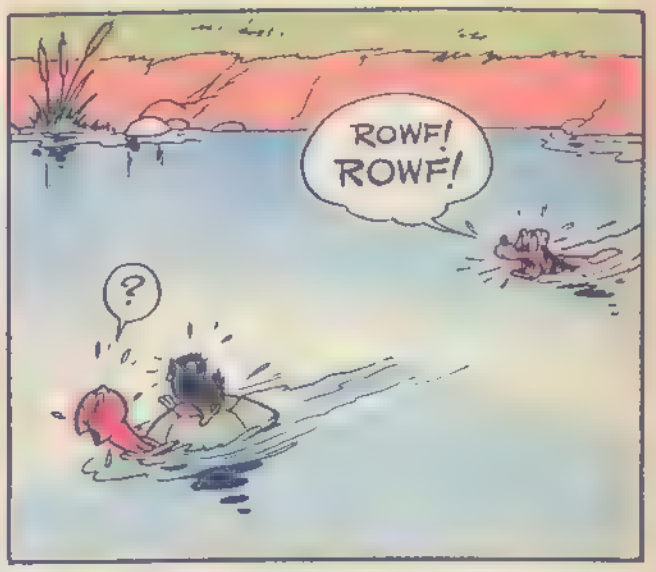
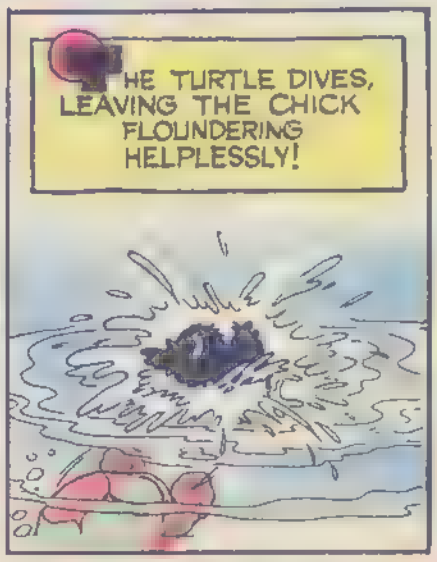
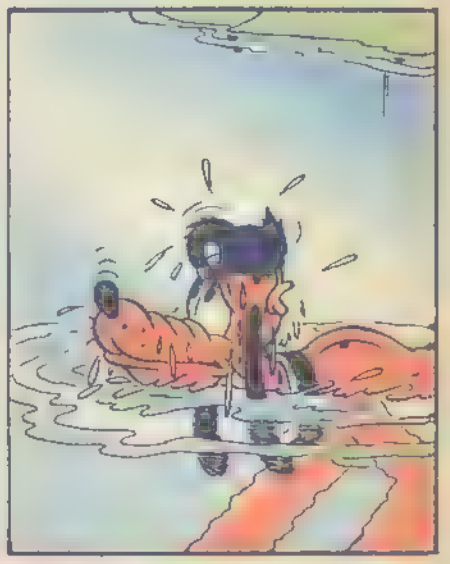
MOTHER PLUTO

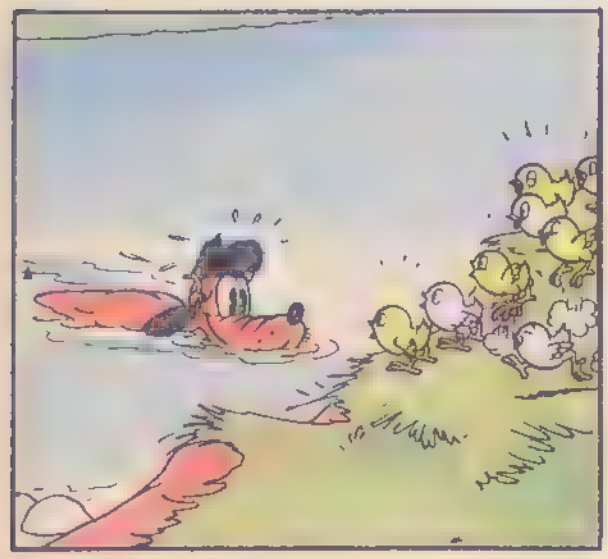


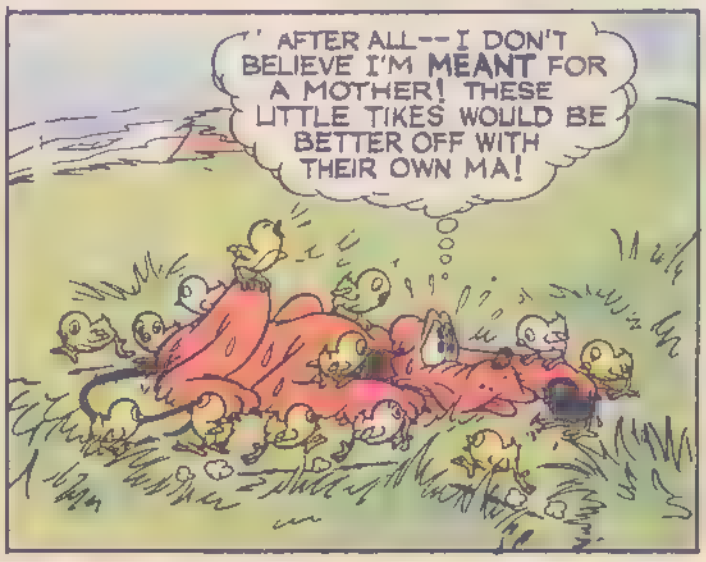


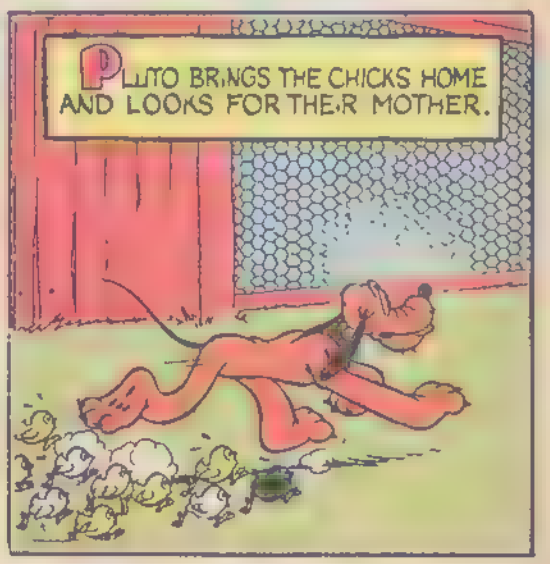


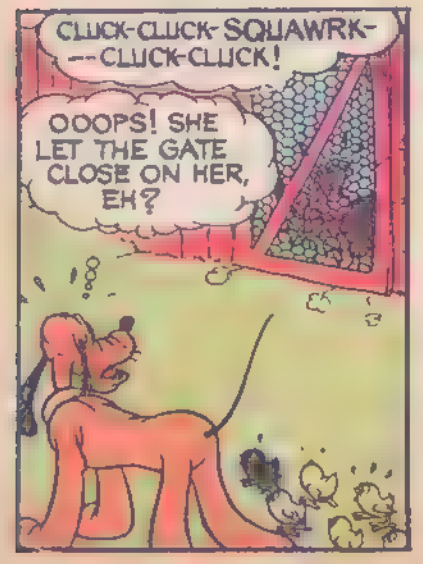


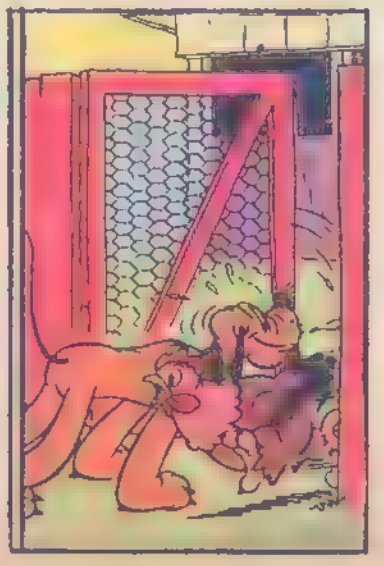


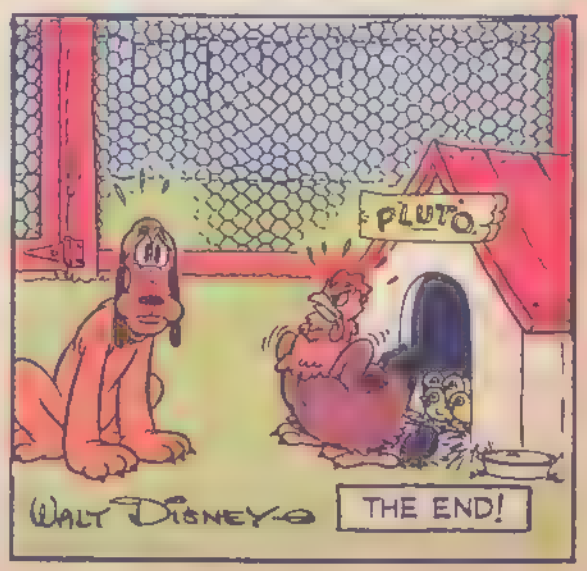












SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

SPOTTY, THE GREEDY LITTLE PIG, HAD GORGED HIMSELF WITH STOLEN CORN UNTIL HE WAS AS SICK AS A PIG COULD BE!

THE OWNER OF THE CORNFIELD CAME ON THE RUN! POOR SPOTTY WAS TOO ILL TO ESCAPE AND FELL DOWN IN A HEAP!

OH, HOW HE WISHED HE HAD STAYED AT HOME IN HIS OWN FARMYARD!

BUT, IT WAS TOO LATE NOW TO THINK OF THAT!

THEN SPOTTY DID NOT CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! THE WHOLE WORLD WENT SUDDENLY BLACK!

THE NEXT THING HE REMEMBERED WAS SEEING THE LIGHT AGAIN!

HE LOOKED AROUND AND, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, FOUND HIMSELF IN THE OLD FARMYARD WHERE HE HAD ALWAYS LIVED!

IT SEEMS THAT HIS OWN HOME AND THE BIG CORNFIELD BELONGED TO THE SAME FARMER. THE KINDLY MAN HAD CURED SPOTTY'S TUMMY-ACHE AND BROUGHT HIM HOME AGAIN!

SPOTTY'S MOTHER WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM, ALTHOUGH SHE DID NOT KNOW THAT A GREAT CHANGE HAD COME OVER HER PROBLEM CHILD!

WHEN DINNER TIME CAME SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EYES! INSTEAD OF RUSHING HEADLONG INTO THE FOOD---

---HE WAS ACTUALLY EATING POLITELY!

FROM THAT TIME ON, NO ONE IN THE FARMYARD WAS AS WELL-BEHAVED OR BETTER LIKED THAN SPOTTY--THE PIG WHO HAD LEARNED HIS LESSON!

THE END!

MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

BOY! EARLY DAWN ON THE OCEAN! YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

JIMINY CRICKETS!

CAPTAIN! THAT SHIP, SIR--SHE WASN'T THERE LAST NIGHT!

SHE MUST HAVE SNEAKED IN WHILE IT WAS DARK! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

HMM-M! DANGED IF I KNOW--BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

SOMETIME IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A STRANGE BOAT HAS SLIPPED IN AND DROPPED ANCHOR NEAR THE FLEET

PLENTY OF SPEED, BY THE LOOK OF HER!

DID ANYBODY EVER SEE HER BEFORE?

NOT ME!

WHAT FOR SHEEZA DOING HERE?

PROBABLY AFTER OLD BARNEY, TOO!

WHAT SORT OF SHIP IS SHE, SIR?

A WHALER! AND A MIGHTY TRIM CRAFT, TOO!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER ACTIONS THAT ISN'T JUST RIGHT! FETCH ME MY GLASS, LAD!

SHE'S RIGGED OUT WITH THE LAST WORD IN WHALING GEAR!

CAN YOU MAKE OUT HER NAME, SIR?

A MIGHTY FITTING ONE---IT'S THE "ORCA!"

THAT'S THE NAME OF THE KILLER WHALE! I'VE READ ALL ABOUT HIM!

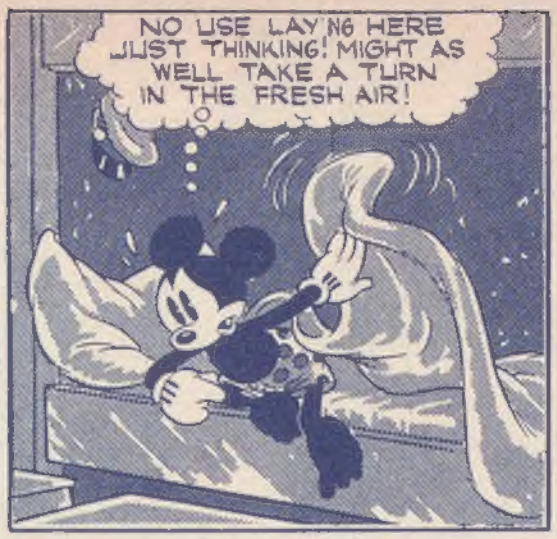
AYE! THE KILLER IS WHAT THE BIG WHALES FEAR MOST! THEIR WORST ENEMY!

AND THIS MAN-MADE KILLER'S LIABLE TO BE OUR WORST ENEMY! SHE WILL NAB THE PRIZE SURE, IF OLD BARNEY MONKEYS AROUND HER!

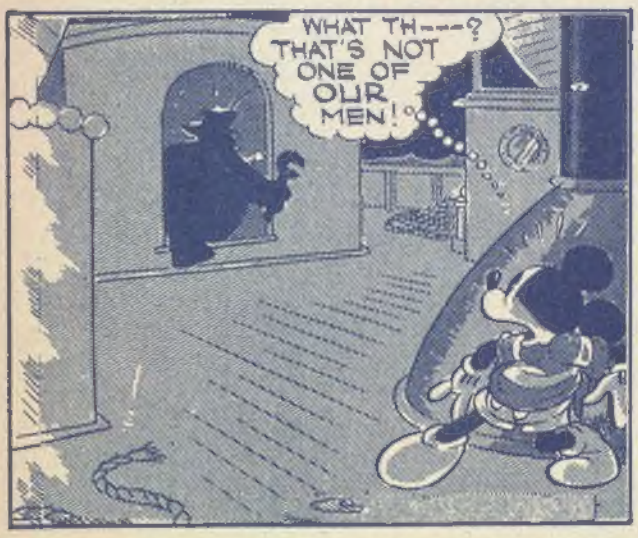
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A BOAT WITH MUFFLED OARS CARRIES A SHADOWY FIGURE TOWARDS THE "LADY DAFFODIL!"

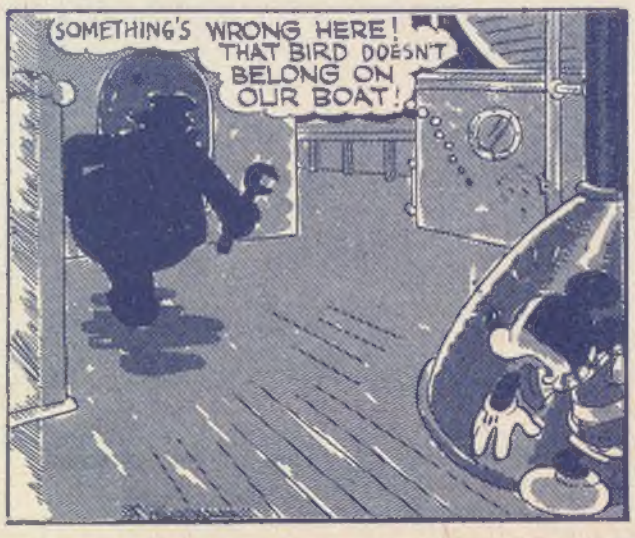
IF I'M GOING TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET RID OF OLD BARNEY WITHOUT KILLING HIM, I BETTER HURRY!

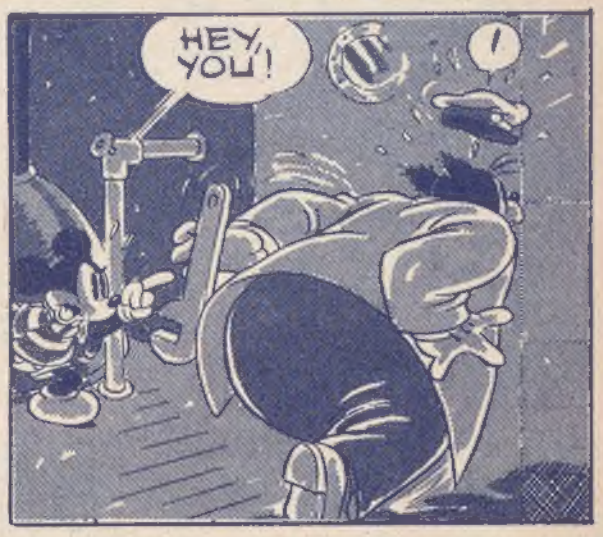
THE UNKNOWN STRANGER BOARDS THE "DAFFODIL" AND MAKES HIS WAY QUIETLY ALONG THE DECK!


NO USE LAYING HERE JUST THINKING! MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A TURN IN THE FRESH AIR!

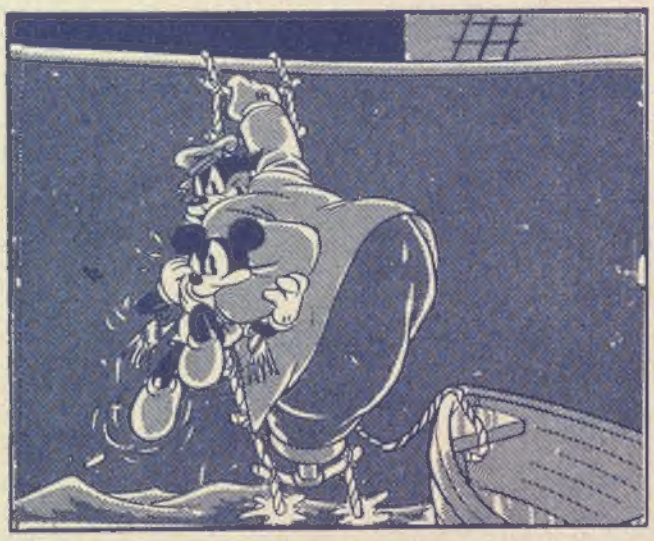
WHY CAN'T THERE BE SOME WAY TO MAKE OLD BARNEY LEAVE THIS SECTION FOR GOOD?
MAYBE THERE IS!

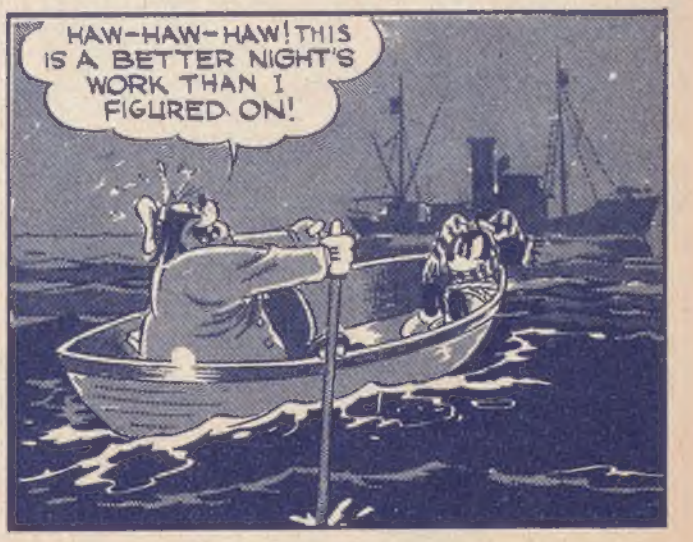

WHAT TH---? THAT'S NOT ONE OF OUR MEN!


SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! THAT BIRD DOESN'T BELONG ON OUR BOAT!


HEY, YOU!

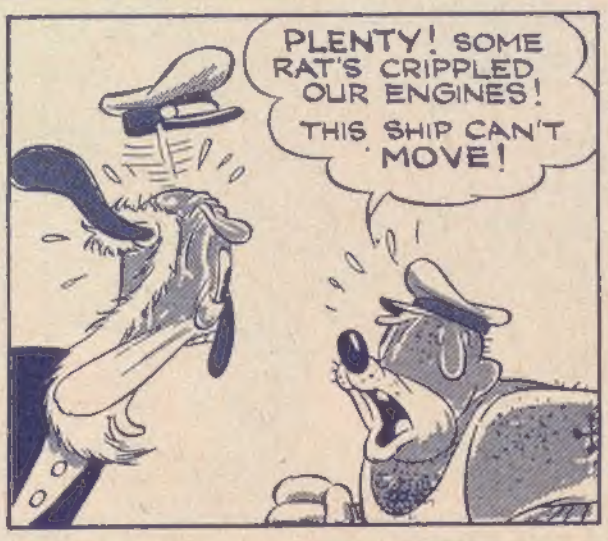
PEG-LEG PETE!!

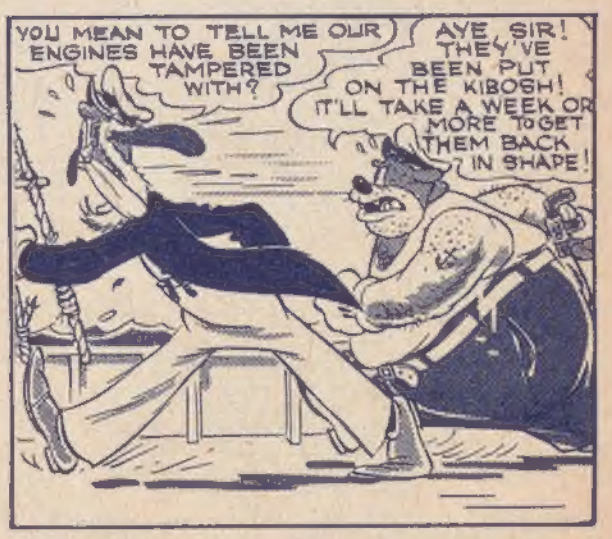


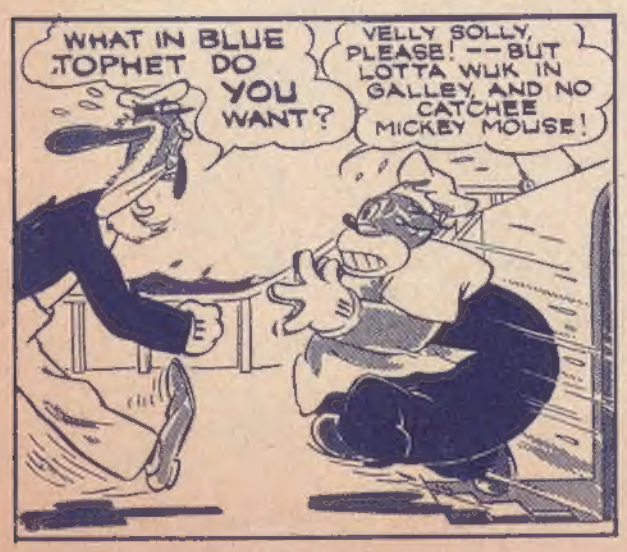

HAW-HAW-HAW! THIS IS A BETTER NIGHT'S WORK THAN I FIGURED ON!

CAME THE DAWN ABOARD THE "LADY DAFFODIL!"

WELL? WHAT'S GONE WRONG NOW?


PLENTY! SOME RAT'S CRIPPLED OUR ENGINES!
THIS SHIP CAN'T MOVE!

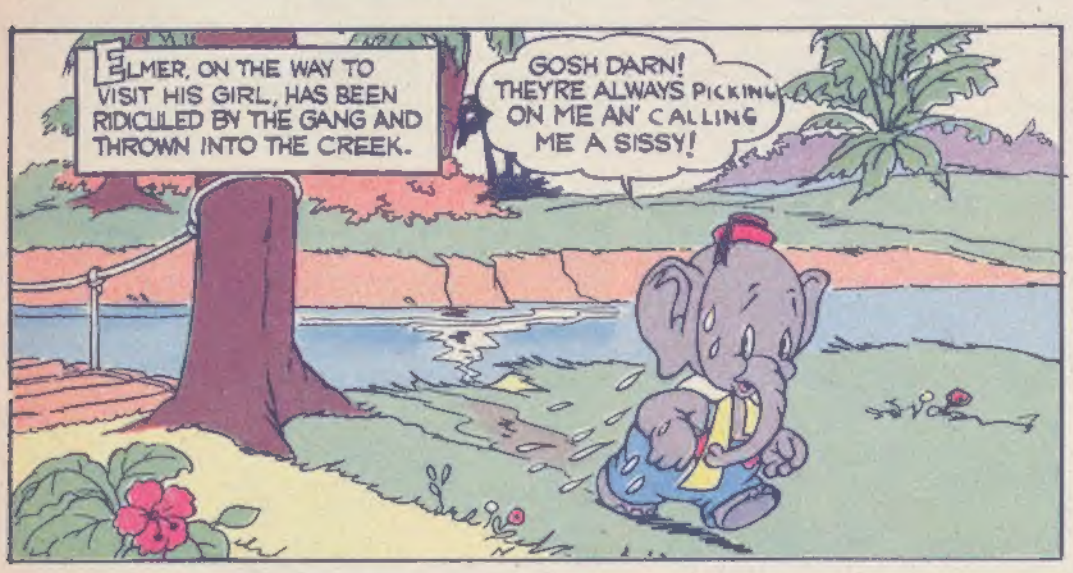

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME OUR ENGINES HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH?
AYE, SIR! THEY'VE BEEN PUT ON THE KIBOSH! IT'LL TAKE A WEEK OR MORE TO GET THEM BACK IN SHAPE!

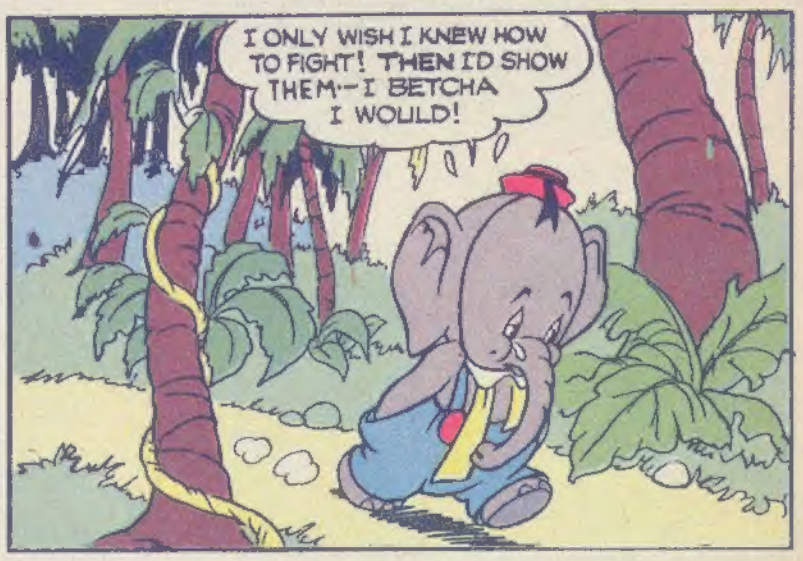

WHAT IN BLUE TOPHET DO YOU WANT?
VELLY SOLLY, PLEASE! -- BUT LOTTA WUK IN GALLEY, AND NO CATCHEE MICKEY MOUSE!

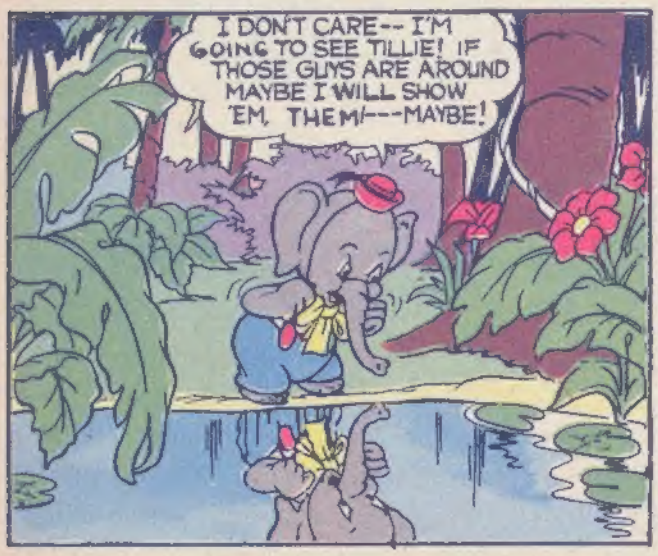
BEG TO REPORT, SIR, THAT MICKEY MOUSE IS NOT ON BOARD!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU BIG TRAMP!
SO YOU DON'T APPRECIATE MY HOSPITALITY? IS THAT NICE?
WALT DISNEY

"TIMID ELMER"

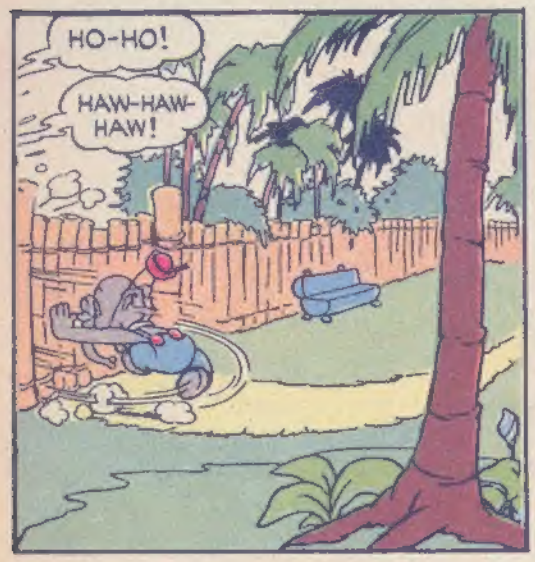

ELMER, ON THE WAY TO VISIT HIS GIRL, HAS BEEN RIDICULED BY THE GANG AND THROWN INTO THE CREEK.
GOSH DARN! THEY'RE ALWAYS PICKING ON ME AN' CALLING ME A SISSY!


I ONLY WISH I KNEW HOW TO FIGHT! THEN I'D SHOW THEM--I BETCHA I WOULD!

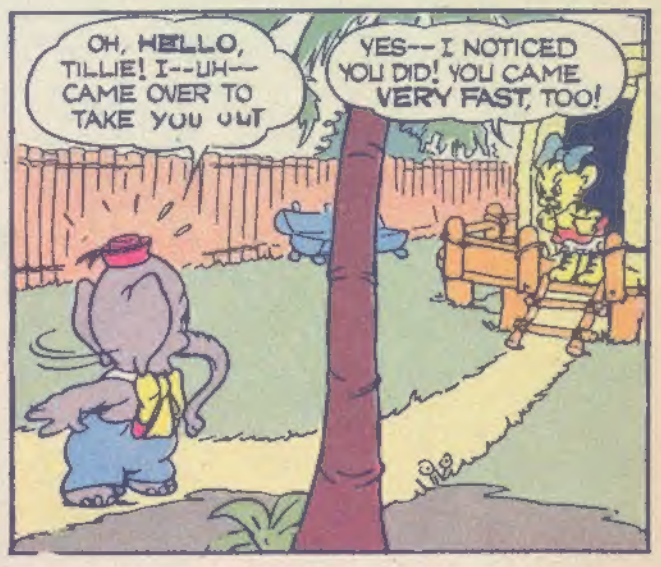

I DON'T CARE-- I'M GOING TO SEE TILLIE! IF THOSE GUYS ARE AROUND MAYBE I WILL SHOW 'EM, THEM!---MAYBE!

WELL---GOOD THING FOR THEM I DIDN'T SEE ANY OF THEM

BOO!

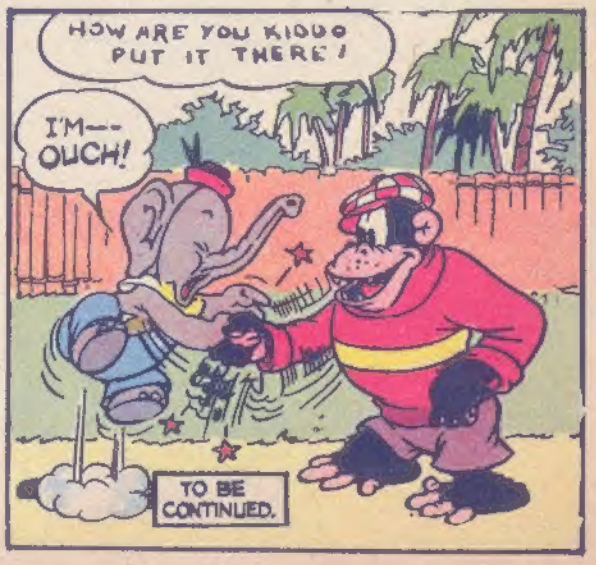

HO-HO!
HAW-HAW-HAW!

S'MATTER, ELMER? WAS MOMMY'S 'ITTLE BOY AFRAID
DID YOU SEE A GHOST?
AW, I JUST--I WAS ONLY-SHUCKS --GEE WHIZ-!


OH, HELLO, TILLIE! I--UH--CAME OVER TO TAKE YOU OUT
YES--I NOTICED YOU DID! YOU CAME VERY FAST, TOO!

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, ELMER! I NEVER SAW SUCH A SCAIRDY-CAT! AND I'M NOT GOING OUT WITH ANY WEAK-KNEED COWARD!
GEE, TILLIE-DO YOU MEAN--?

AND NOW---I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY NEW BOY FRIEND--- GOOCH GORILLA!


HOW ARE YOU KIDDO PUT IT THERE!
I'M--- OUCH!
TO BE CONTINUED.

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WITH ANY

REMINGTON

PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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Remington

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key and shift lock; two color ribbon and automatic ribbon reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5″ wide; writes lines 8.2″ wide. There are also **extra** features like the card writing attachment, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet. These make typing on a Remington Noiseless Portable a distinct pleasure. Thousands of families now using the Remington Noiseless Portable know from experience how wonderful it is!

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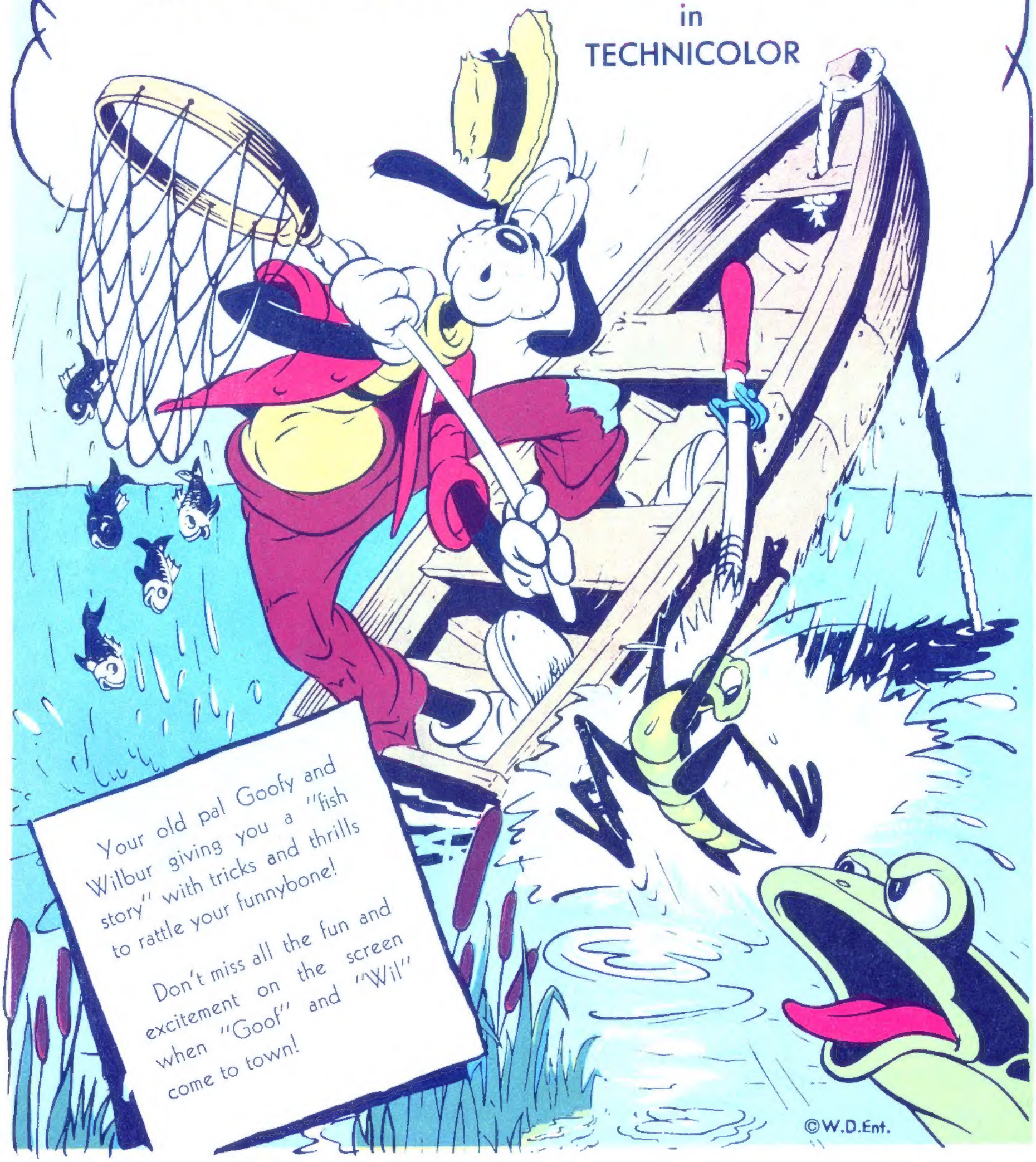
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